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Volume CLXXII No. 2250 The SPHERE, London, March 6, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

**AMERICANS IN BATTLE DRESS: THE FIRST AMERICAN TROOPS TO ARRIVE IN THE CITY OF TRIPOLI AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY THE EIGHTH ARMY. They are wearing uniforms based on the British soldier's battle dress, which they praise highly**

The three American soldiers seen in this official picture are men of the Ninth Army Air Force. They arrived in Tripoli, soon after its fall to General Montgomery's men, in order to establish an American headquarters in the city. It will be noted that all three are wearing British battle dress. It is not unlikely that other Americans will soon be attired in similar fashion ; plans have already been discussed whereby the manufacture of battle dress for the U.S. Army may be undertaken by British clothing factories. The three Americans above are Private John W. Tinker (of Massachusetts), Private Hugone Farley (of Wisconsin), and Corporal Warren Hutchinson (of Maine). All have high praise for their new battle outfit

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# A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 183

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

## An Expensive Luxury.—

Myself I will have no hand in any inquisition into what went wrong in the middle of our Tunisian line. If there are matters for enquiry and correction, they are essentially matters for secret enquiry. War is a bloody and difficult business; its technique changes every year, and only recent experience of any temporary form of it can produce efficiency in waging it. We in Britain are not such fools as to have already forgotten that. But here is one more lesson—shall we ever learn from these bounteous offerings?—of the dangers of words and phrases, of formulæ and prophecy. Will Democracy never find a substitute for words with which to satisfy and proclaim its ideals in times of war? And shall we discover in time that of all luxuries this was properly the first to be rationed? I ventured not long ago to suggest that if the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting at Casablanca had been officially passed over in complete silence, the effect of it on the Axis and on the neutrals had been more, and not less, telling. The element of speculation and anxiety would have been enhanced by silence, far more than it was pointed by words and boasts and pledges. And without the risks and dangers with which the inevitable set-backs and chances of war for ever invest wordy prophecies and precise time-tables. It may be that our time-table is upset. It may not be so. But why publish a time-table? Why give handles to the enemy? What, indeed, do these constant reiterations of our determination to march into Berlin, Rome and Tokyo achieve? What are wordy time-tables of agenda but an invitation to the gods of chance and war to sport with human self-confidence? We have declared unequivocally a score of times that *this time il faut en finir*. Let us have done with words, with declarations and time-tables, and all our muddled ideas of neutral and enemy propaganda, and what is due to democratic peoples, and get on with the business with the only weapons which can do the job—silence and actions. Truly, for the leaders of democratic nations in war, silence is golden and speech a boomerang.

## That Second Front.—

They told Lord Beaverbrook in that Upper House that his "Second Front" motion did a grave disservice to the nation's weal. As to that, I do not know. I am quite certain that the debate it engendered did not advance by an hour the second front in Europe. If it achieved anything, that something was corrective of our national, ineffable fanaticism, and was contained in a single pregnant and carefully worded sentence by the Lord Chancellor, the sense of which was that, for a year, Britain had held the fort alone (God knows we have reminded the world of that often enough!), and that, during that year, there was no second front hurried on by our Russian Ally (of to-day) in our great need. In short, our admiration for all things Russian should not totally rob us of memory and a sense of humour, and *should* leave us the consciousness that Stalin is not only a man of steel, but a brain of cool steel also. He does not spare our feelings or pander to our susceptibilities when he has things to say to Russians, and he does not take too exalted a view of the help we have been able to bring him over Arctic seas, over German war industries and in Africa. And why does he not? The answer lies quite clearly in that ineffable devotion of the Democracies to words and speeches and pronouncements. To Stalin, words are the servants of actions; words *follow*, not precede, actions. With the Democracies, actions are, or seem to be, the servants of words, called, got out of bed, fed and tended by a mighty output of words from a vast staff of upper- and under-servants. Small wonder if Stalin (and a large section of the British public, as well as the Russian) have come to regard the speeches and pronouncements of the orators of Democracy as substitutes for actions, and even as signs of hesitancy and doubt, signs that "we dare not put it to the touch," and may lose our grip on Time's forelock. We do not all go so far as that. But many of us are, indeed, to-day in a fierce reaction against the uselessness and risks of speech after speech, promise after promise, threat after threat against the Axis. We are not such fools as to play the armchair strategist, but we may judge that herein lies Lord Beaverbrook's condemnation — and *justification*.

**THE CHINESE MILITARY MISSION, which has now arrived in London from the United States**

Led by General Hsiung Shih-Hui, the members of this Mission have just arrived in London, where they propose to spend some weeks as the guests of the British Government, and will meet members of the War Cabinet and the British Chiefs of Staff. The Mission will be accompanied to military and air force establishments and to industrial centres by Sir Meyrick Hewlett, who speaks Chinese and who is a personal friend of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. In the above picture are seen the following: back row, left to right—Air Major P. Y. Huang; Commander Y. T. Chao, Naval Attaché, Chinese Embassy in London; Colonel P. H. Tang, Military Attaché; Captain Li Ming-Hsi'en. Front row—Dr. W. C. Chen, Chargé d'Affaires in London; General Hsiung Shih-Hui, leader of the Mission; Dr. Ho Feng-Shan, Counsellor to the Mission

## All Depends on Memory.

—On the broad view, I never felt more hopeful than now at the gate of spring 1943. The agony of humanity is reaching its apex and only on a broad and distant view can optimism triumph. But even the climax of human agony is for optimism, for the horror of war is now searing deeper into every human soul. Everything turns now on human memory. Can we increase its length; can we keep it vivid? I don't know what we call the motto of our Commonwealth of Nations. Whatever it be—"*Dieu et mon droit*," "*Pro rege, grege, lege*," "Britannia rules the waves"—I would change it to "Memento," "Remember" or "Be mindful." The two victories for which we strive—in war and in peace—alike depend above everything on our power to remember. As for the war, I am convinced that the Nazis and Fascists are indeed, now at last, taking an almighty hammering which is jolting them to their foundations; and we *are* remembering the terrors of past failure, delay, over-confidence and under-confidence, when to take risks and when not to take them, the folly of boast and threat and wordy insult, the danger of formulæ and words and slogans, and so on. And if memory continue to serve us, there *is* a chance we may keep the Germans on the run without a breathing space to the end. To-day I am more concerned with the second victory. It is farther away and will be a greater tax on memory. When the terror cloud recedes over the skies of Europe, it may be that as short a time as a week of relaxation, mafficking and glorification will atrophy memory again as it did in 1918 (that coupon election!). If we forget again—yes, even for a week—the same danger, the self-same fool's-cap, hangs over our heads. "The job to be done"—Mr. Bevin put it well. The job could only be done by scrapping the luxuries of self-interest, party scores, class-consciousness; only by generous toleration for all shades of opinion; only by giving up individual rights and ambitions for the common interest; only by sweat and blood and sacrifice and discipline. And the myrmidons of pleasure are not coming back, the cocktail merchants and the quick-profit stock-brokers, and the gossip writers and the lounge-lizards and the party strategists and the tub-orators, and the multiple-company directors and the baronets who want to be barons and the viscounts who crave for earldoms; the jobbers and the backstair gentry. Well; yes, I *hope* so. But all depends on memory, and memory is notoriously short.

## Panting Time and the Hour.—

Of Stalin in aggressive mood it may be truly said with Dr. Johnson:

"And panting time toiled after him in vain."

For this Shakespeare of resource and vengeance in the field of Mars is the despair of war commentators, and even of accredited correspondents in the field. What boots it to speak of Rostov when Kharkov will eclipse this climacteric before my ink is dry? Why worry about the Don or Donetz when the Dnieper is the thing? Why waste time over the Dnieper when . . . Stalin won't! Rather let us thank God and turn our eyes on the Oder, the Vistula, the Rhine, and hasten our approach to them from the south and from the west, not as spectators, but as actors. The Pentecost of calamity for all humanity approaches its peak; mankind cannot much longer sustain its present sufferings and survive as civilised man. Time is the enemy of our salvation now. The time is past for words and formulæ and nice accountancy. Burning faith justifies blazing risks.

"Ha! a play toward! I'll be an auditor.

An actor, too, perchance, if I see cause."

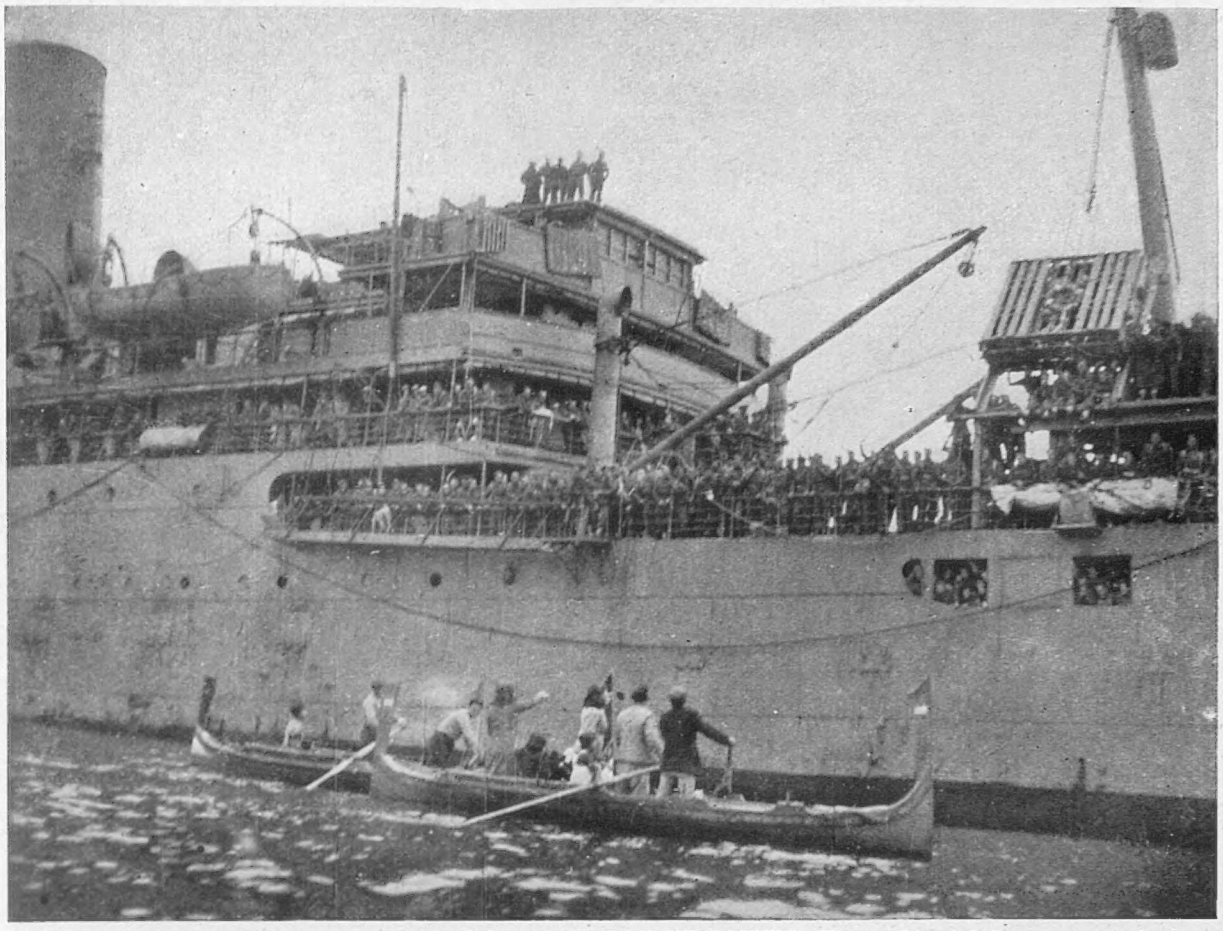
The cause is plainly to be seen.

## "Cloud-hopping"—Policy of Defeatism.—

People write to me from the counties which are chief targets for the Nazi "cloud-hoppers" these days, ruefully (but with a fine sense of proportion and humour) complaining of the "official," or London Press, impression created that enemy bombing has practically died away. I can sympathise, for I live in one such county. It is not pleasant to hear the tale of schoolchildren murdered and pretty old houses destroyed and shoppers machine-gunned. Yet if one could take the broad, cool, impersonal view (and one can only do that at a distance from the "spot of trouble"), these "cloud-hopping" nuisances should give us prime encouragement. For indeed there is no more signal proof of the bankruptcy of policy and present pass of the Nazi air force. It cannot risk heavy loss, cannot plan a constructive programme. When your enemy falls back on sniping for revenge, when it dare, and can no longer attack centres of war production because they are defended, then your enemy is clearly shaken and clearly embarrassed. In the period of the Battle of Britain, in one rural area, statistics showed that of 900 bombs dropped at night, 800 fell harmlessly on open ground and the remainder caused fewer than ten casualties and quite inconsiderable material damage. Daylight "cloud-hopping" raids have more deliberate precision. But since they take place in areas as innocent of war targets as any in Britain, their effect on our war effort is not one iota greater. It is a nuisance for those who suffer from "cloud-hoppers"; but, broadly and impersonally regarded, this present feature of Nazi air policy is as heartening as any existing proof of Hitler's present difficulties.

THE OLD STAGER

# A BRITISH TROOPSHIP ARRIVES IN MALTA



A MALTESE FAMILY WHO WERE UNABLE TO WAIT TILL THE TROOPSHIP DOCKED! They took a dghaisa out to the harbour to meet it. They found they were amongst the lucky ones—there was someone of their family on board!

The first man ashore from the troopship

For the first time since the big "blitz" of the Island by joint German and Italian aircraft, a troopship has arrived in Malta. The bastions were black with people, and cheers echoed across the harbour as the ship, its rails packed with khaki and Air Force blue, slid across the waters. There were Maltese troops aboard, returning to their native land after service in the Middle East—and, with the Maltese, family life is second only to the Church. If an eldest son is in America with a flourishing business and his father dies, everything must be dropped and he must return home to take his place as the head of the family! Some of the people waiting on the quayside were disappointed—but some were not, as a number of Maltese airmen and soldiers *were* aboard the troopship, but the number of these was not great

THE TROOPS ABOARD THE BIG VESSEL CROWDING THE DECKS to get their first view of the valiant island of Malta

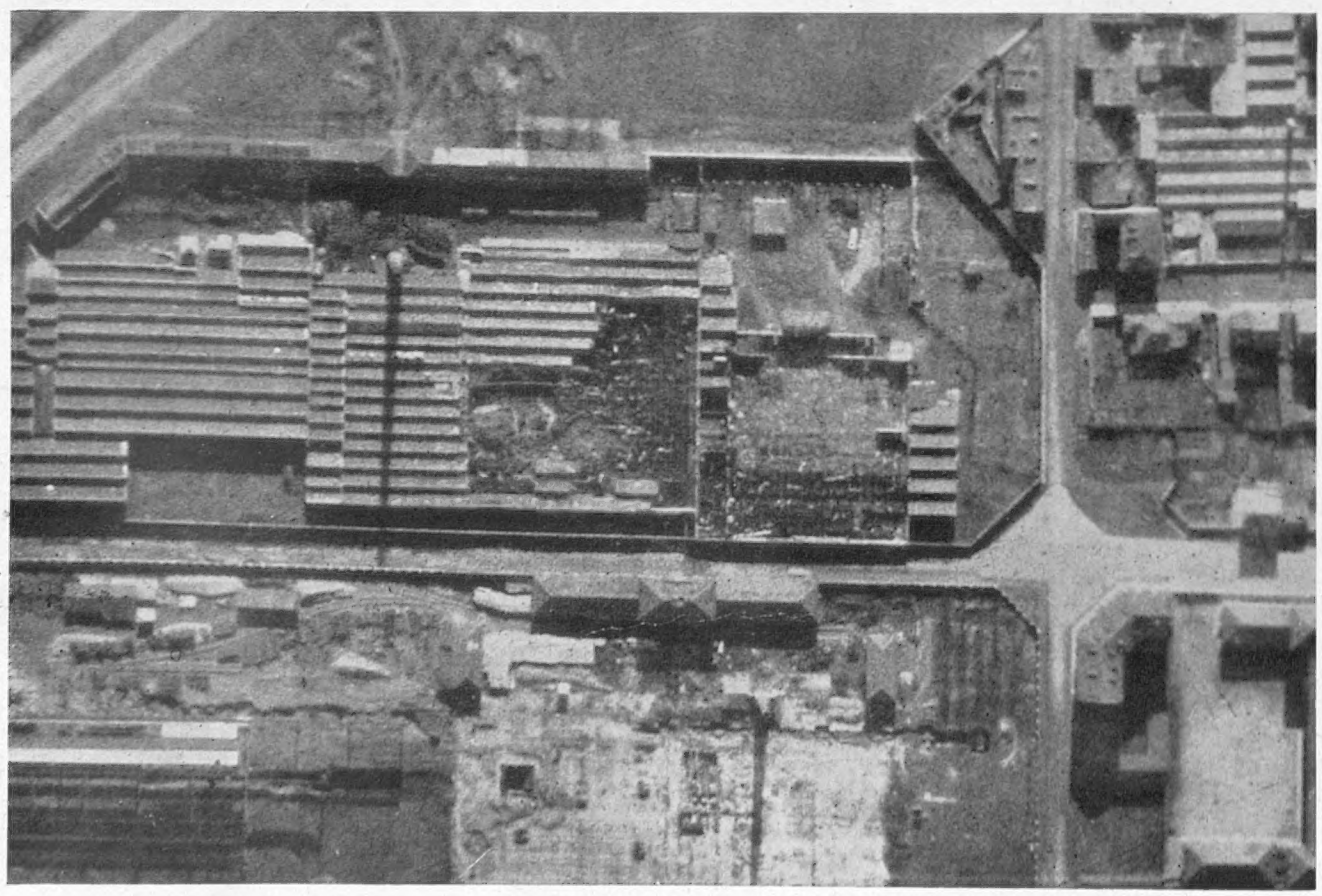
RESERVE SISTERS OF THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA IMPERIAL MILITARY NURSING SERVICE who were aboard the troopship to Malta

"THE FINEST INFANTRY IN THE WORLD": Malta's troops go into action: Field-Marshal Lord Gort, Commander-in-Chief and Governor of Malta, who is now visiting London, last week described the British Infantry on the Island as "the finest in the world." Some of them have not seen their families for eight years; they were models of what the British soldier should be. After turning their hands to all kinds of defensive tasks during the great "siege" of Malta, they recently had the pleasure of "going over to the offensive," now that the siege has been raised. They did this by holding large-scale manœuvres, during which they carried out many schemes of attack for the great time now coming, when Malta is to be a foremost attacking base. This picture shows Brigadier Kenneth Pierce-Smith, O.B.E., taking the salute as a long line of British troops on the Island set off to start their large-scale manœuvres

# BOMBING BY DAY AND BY NIGHT—Dunkirk, Tours and Turin

**DUNKIRK: THE ATTACK ON THE DOCKS BY LIBERATOR BOMBERS OF THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE ON FEBRUARY 15. This was carried out in daylight, when the northern part of the port was heavily hit—a photograph taken by the automatic cameras actually carried in the bombing planes**

Whilst the majority of British bombers are carrying out their attacks over Europe by night, the American bombers based on this country are steadily pursuing their policy of attack by day. February 15 was a good day for the latter, when an attack was made on the docks and shipping at Dunkirk. After an R.A.F. sortie by Bostons, two hours later Liberators (of the B24 type, shown on page 312 of this issue) carried out a second bombing raid. Visibility was excellent and good bombing results were observed (as, indeed, the above picture proves). Towards the end of the Liberator attack, however, smoke from the bomb hits made observation difficult. This clear and accurate photograph shows how the American bombs burst across the northern part of the harbour. In the picture, hits are being scored on the Trystian lock; other hits are being made on the inner end of the eastern jetty, and a salvo of at least fifteen bursts may be seen across the approach channel and quay to the west



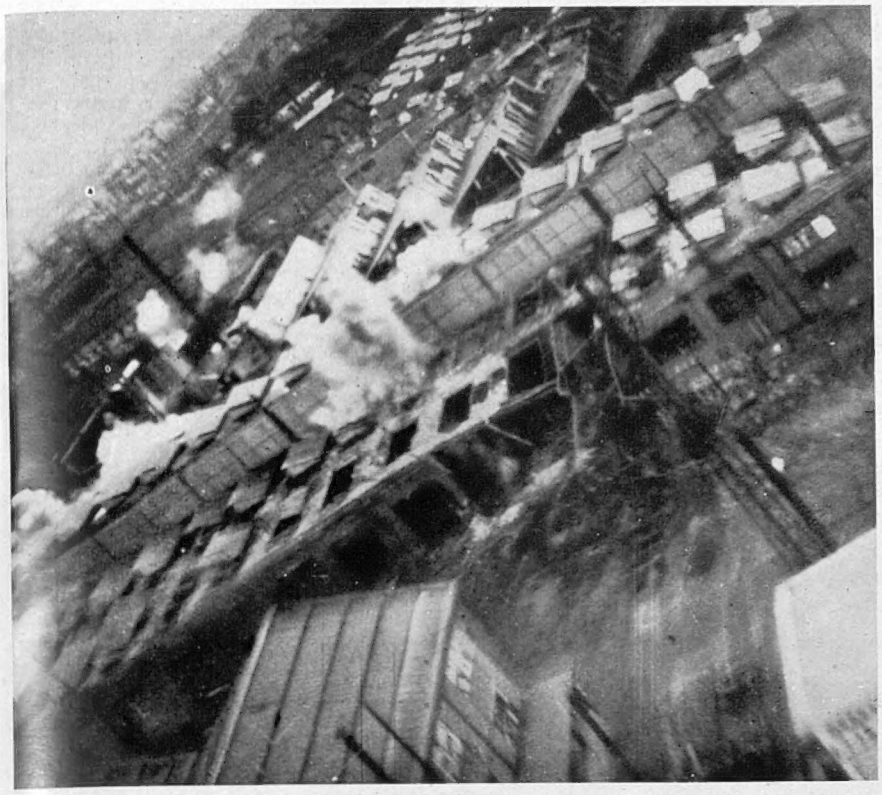
**TURIN: *On left*—In raids since November 1942 extensive damage has been done to the roof of the Manifattora Mazzonis — cotton-weaving mill—by fire. Next to it a smaller shop has also suffered similar damage**

***On right*—A hit on the end of the Fiat Steelworks, which has caused considerable damage**

Recent reconnaissance pictures taken by the R.A.F. show considerable damage inflicted during raids on the great industrial city of Turin. Among targets which have suffered heavily are the Fiat Steelworks and the Manifattora Mazzonis, a large cotton-weaving mill, both of which are shown in the pictures reproduced here.

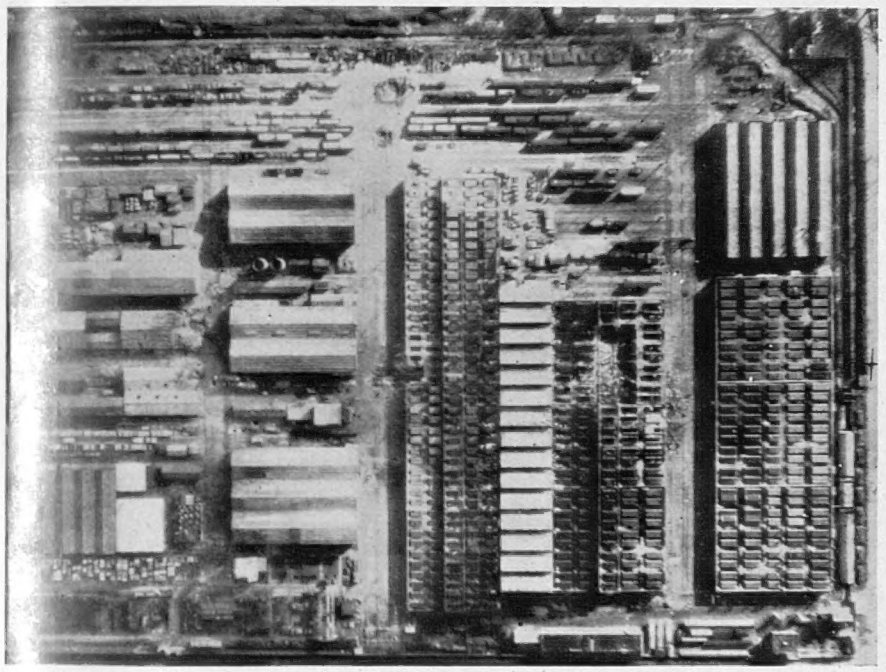
Between November 28 and December 9—the period of the four big raids on Turin—at least seventy industrial plants, factories and workshops (including ten of the Fiat plants) were seriously damaged. Many were gutted completely.

During the raids, 8,000-lb. bombs were dropped on the city, many 4,000-lb. bombs and thousands of incendiaries. The city of Turin is the second largest in North Italy, with a population of 654,000: it is not unlikely that this figure is now greatly reduced owing to the civilian exodus!

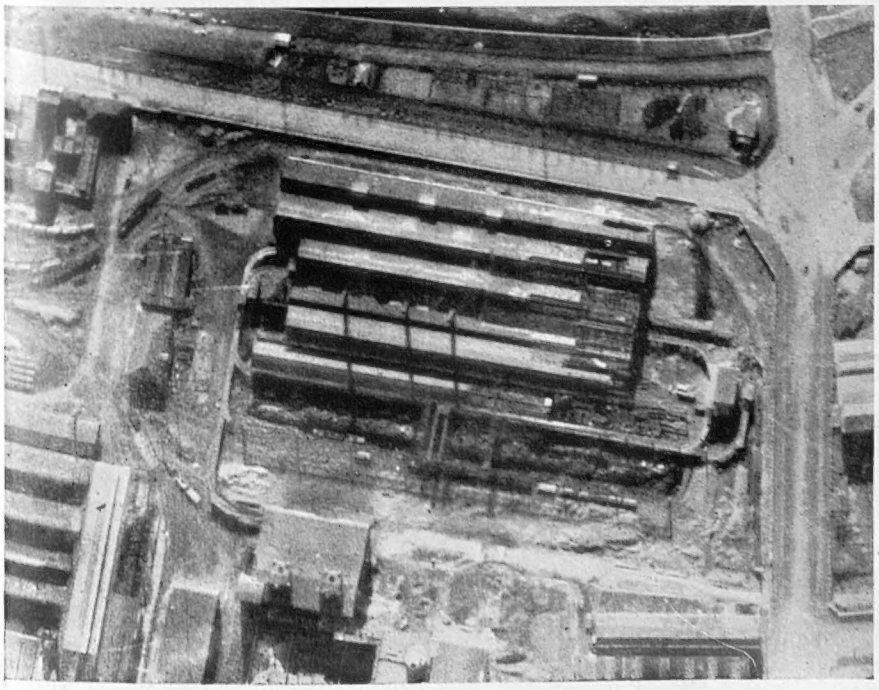


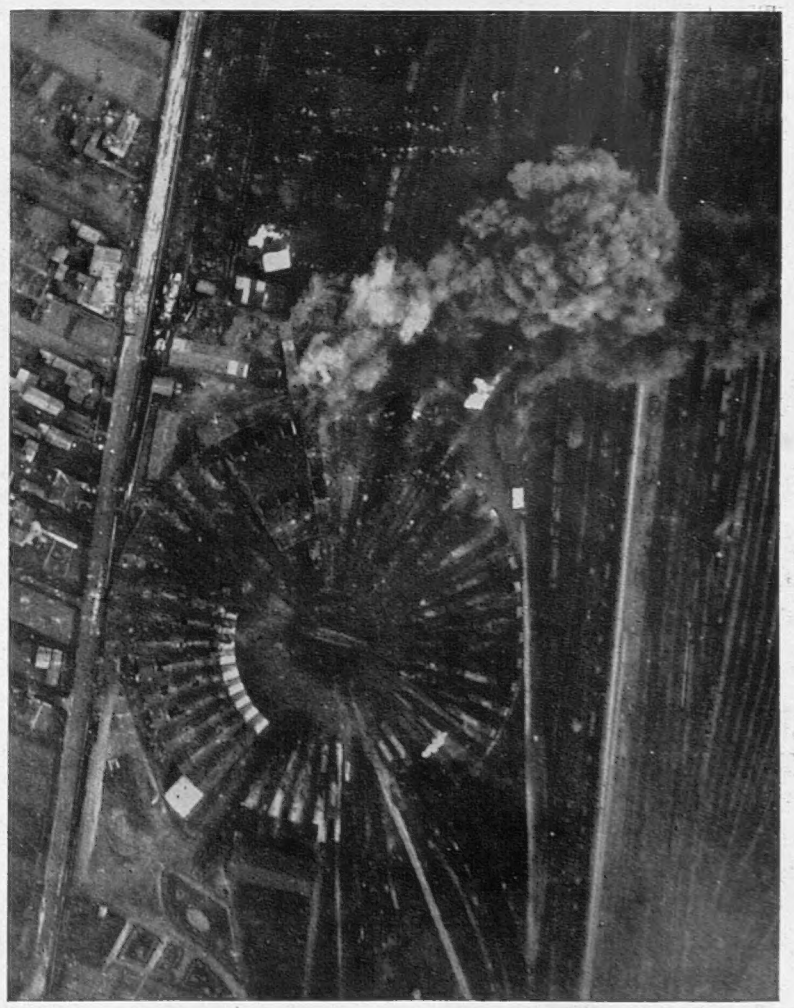
TOURS: A CLOSE-UP OF THE GUTTED RAILWAY BUILDINGS after the attack carried out by unescorted Mosquitoes of Bomber Command on February 15

TOURS: THE ACCURACY OF THE ATTACK is proved by the dense clouds of smoke rising from workshop buildings following many hits. Smoke pours from the roof and windows of a large building (in the left foreground) after it had been hit by bombs several times



TOURS: AT THE RAILWAY WORKSHOPS AT ST. PIERRE DE CORPS: A large section of the main shop (right) which has collapsed. About an acre of the roof has lost its lights and suffered other damage. Blast has considerably affected the eastern side of the same shops, and the roads near by. Some rolling-stock was destroyed by the bombs, which also damaged many tracks. In the centre, blast has damaged the side of a large shop; and to the left, shops have been partly wrecked and roofs damaged by blast. Bomb craters are plentiful





TOURS: Thick smoke rises from bomb bursts on and near the engine-sheds. The damage to the large, circular engine-house is also evident

The four pictures reproduced on this page were taken by R.A.F. reconnaissance aircraft following the daylight attacks made by Mosquitoes of Bomber Command on Tours on February 14, 15 and 18. The Mosquitoes were unescorted, and their attacks—as usual with this latest type of very fast, twin-engined aircraft—were made from a low level. The main objectives were the railway workshops and engine-sheds to the north-west of the St. Pierre de Corps sorting sidings. The success of their attacks can be gauged from the four official Air Ministry pictures given above

# THE LAST OF HENRI VI?

*A Study of the French Royalist Movement, and How It Concerns the Present Tangled Situation in North Africa*

By FERDINAND TUOHY

PERHAPS it is time for a few words on the French Royalist movement. If people here were bewildered—their own word—by this winter's imbroglio in French North Africa, one reason was because they were insufficiently acquainted with the purpose and depth, the range and capacity to influence, of French Royalism. We are now given to understand that the British and American Governments have vetoed in advance any steps designed to place the Comte de Paris in an advantageous official position during the course of the war. Yet certain elements of the situation militate so plainly on the side of the Pretender, that Monarchism is bound to remain as a strong undercurrent.

On the surface, in the '30's, the French royalists were an exasperating, often a mirth-provoking, minority, divided among themselves. They had only half-a-dozen reactionaries to represent them in Parliament. Their "mouthpieces," Léon Daudet and Charles Maurras, were not only turned down by the Vatican. Publicly, at any rate, these two tornados were as a corollary disowned by the late Duc de Guise, and by his son, the present would-be Henri VI. Yet they were the fire and *brio* of *L'Action Française*, the royalist newspaper.

The liberally-inclined Pius XI. ruled that the editors of this richly slanderous sheet preached unchristian doctrine which verged on the pagan in their incitement of youth. But a different wind began to blow from Rome after the demise of Pius, and concurrently with the spectacular victories of Fascism, which was not against kings provided these knew their places. The growth of French Fascism was not detrimental to monarchist chances. The royalists even saw themselves as possible eventual half-way moderates between Fascism and Communism. So did more and more bourgeois, big and little, see them, while a distinct fillip was provided by the British royal visit to Paris in 1938. The Republic was slipping; could not a kingship of respect and continuity be substituted?

Daudet, never tired of pointing the English lesson of dignity and stability. He was an Anglophil, as he used to tell me, for three reasons: Shakespeare, the Monarchy, and the way they cook sole in the Strand. I got well mixed up with French Royalism when my paper instructed me to write the life-story of the acquitted girl-killer, Germaine Berton, who tried for Daudet, and got his second-in-command. But that is too long ago to be relevant.

Daudet made it up with Rome before he died last year, and so did deaf old Maurras, who has been sitting at the right hand of Pétain these thirty-two months past. This dual grace strengthened Royalism through its extremely influential backer, the hierarchy of the Church in France. It was customary to find monarchists most numerous in regions where the Church was strongest, as in Anjou and Poitou, Lorraine, Normandy and Brittany, Savoy and Béarn. The two last were the only provinces (as distinct from departments) of the Midi where Royalism really flourished. Draw a line across France roughly from La Rochelle to Strasbourg, and you won't find anything like the same Royalism south as north of it. Daudet could formerly describe himself as "Deputy of Paris." Two notable forces in the capital were remnants of the Old Régime lending their aristocratic names to big business, and a selection of the higher and rarer intellectuals, as of the Academy.

In the wider field, one would be reminded of as many as 2,000,000 voteless but far from uninfluential Frenchwomen said to be pledged to crusade for the Church's heroine, the Maid who restored a monarch. On fête occasions, women and schoolgirls by the legion displayed the light blue of Joan, as sure a badge of royalist sympathies as the Fleur de Lys itself. Finally came the powerful drag which Royalism exerted among the officer caste, preponderantly in the Army, and the more senior the more responsive. This penchant was inherited. In its time the French Monarchy lavished money on the Army, enhanced the status of its members, and contributed much to *Gloire*.

There used to be a saying of France's illustrious soldiers of the last war, that only Joffre and Sarrail were firm Republicans. "Lyautey the African" may be cited with quite special appositeness. Moving spirit of French Royalism until his death nine years ago, this inspiring soldier communicated his fervour to a military school, and nearly every Army officer to win signal distinction had North African grounding. As a Noguès, a Giraud. Each came under the Lyautey spell and never after lost his belief that greater all-round contentment was to be had under a monarchy brought into line with the period.

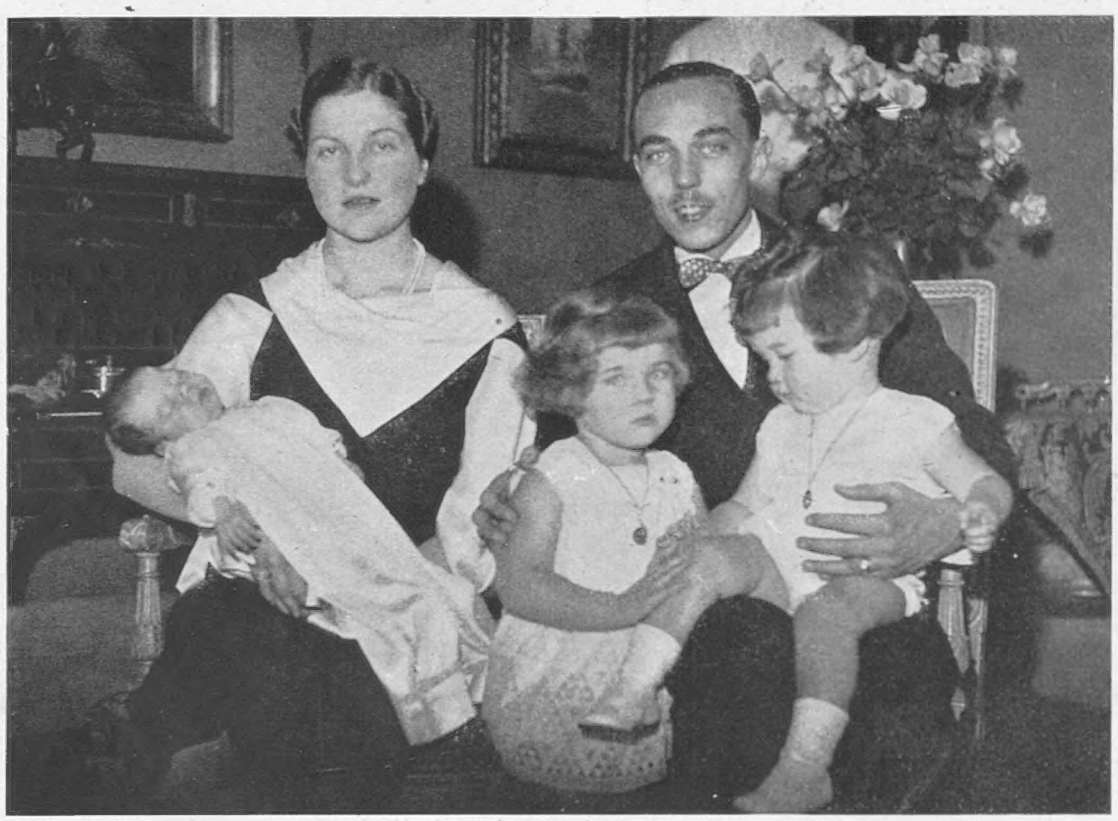
Noguès was Lyautey's white-headed boy. But for a really passionate royalist, one turned to devout, true-blue Weygand. One suspects Pétain's Royalism is nothing like as pure. Droll; but politicians of the left used to honour the sly old fellow for his "republican staunchness," the measure of which can be gauged by Pétain's taking of Maurras to be his Vichy mentor. "We Phillipe," aped at being as royal as the Roi Soleil, much of whose social philosophy he wished to revive. Without a doubt, the succession Pétain would like to arrange for is that of the Comte de Paris, who was allowed to take up quarters near Vichy.

The Comte is a good candidate, as pretenders go. Aged about forty, he is no fool and—not unimportant—"*très sportif*." He used to fly his own plane across forbidden France from his Brussels exile to the big family estate in Spanish Morocco. And he edited his own paper, the *Courier Royal*, in whose respect good democrats were wont to complain: "The fellow's pinching our best ideas!" Domestically, the Comte was the dutiful parent of a growing young family by his cousin, Henriette de France. He out-distanced the other Pretender, young Bonaparte, if indeed the latter did not step aside in favour of the Comte, as was freely bandied.

Now take all the above ingredients and transfer them in concentrated form to North Africa, and we shall be getting somewhere. An obviously well-founded letter in the *Manchester Guardian* reports:

"It is estimated that about 750,000 French people have migrated to French North Africa since June 1940. There was a substantial flight of capital thither. Many young enterprising men left Metropolitan France. When I arrived in Morocco, and when later I visited Algiers, I was struck by the energy and vitality displayed by the French people there. . . . Life is turbulent. People are trying to start afresh. They acquire a new sense of self-importance. Undoubtedly, conservative and traditionalist elements are very conspicuous there. Many royalists have sought refuge. Many officers with royalist sympathies slipped away to Algiers and Morocco. . . . French North Africa is a rallying point of conservative thought and tradition of all sections. Many political surprises may come from North Africa, as the French mind is seething with unrest."

Surprise number one came with the attempted monarchist *Putsch* at Algiers at Christmas. Professor Réné Capitant, now trying to lessen the distance between Generals de Gaulle and Giraud, relates that "the monarchist plot was to work in the following manner: After the murder of Darlan (by a young monarchist), the Imperial Council was to meet and elect the Comte de Paris as High Commissioner, or as 'provisional President of the French Republic.' The idea was that, after victory, the 'provisional President' would be plebiscited in France as 'King Henri VI.'" Four of the five on the Imperial Council were avowed royalists, including the head of it. The plot failed because of an American veto, backed by Britain, whose Government knew that de Gaulle would have openly revolted had the coup been sanctioned.



**THE COMTE DE PARIS, PRETENDER TO THE FRENCH THRONE, who is now about forty years of age and still refuses to give up thoughts of one day ruling as King—if not as Emperor. He has, during recent years, had many supporters, mainly on the Right and mainly Roman Catholics. Since the invasion of North Africa and the subsequent elevation to high office of Admiral Darlan, General Nogués and others, the Comte's hopes have again been springing high. The picture given above (taken in the year 1934) shows the Comte with his wife and their three children**

Capitant prefers to believe that Giraud was not an active party in the plot. However that may be, Governor Chatel was, and, removed from his office under Allied pressure, Chatel is now acting as hyphen, at Lisbon, between Vichy and the Comte. The royalists' intentions are far from being laid. They still see a chance of inserting a king in three sets of circumstances: (*a*) in the event of a drawn war, which would be a defeat for parliamentary democracy and would enable the monarchists to come forward as midway between Fascism and Communism; (*b*) should a panic fear develop in France of a Communist tidal wave; (*c*) did Giraud's army come to be preponderantly acclaimed in France as the liberating host.

Remember, of this army of, it is hoped, 300,000, that it will be commanded freely by officers imbued by Royalism from the C.-in-C. down. It will be copiously officered in the younger branches by 8,000 of the North African Pétain Youth, a movement deeply inlaid with Royalism. Bear further in mind that the white rank and file will be largely colonists of demonstrated reactionary tendencies, and that the coloured majority will be so many unpolitical mercenaries who attack and do police work as ordered.

Picture the weary, grief-laden, divided and drifting France into which this liberating army would push; a land minus its roots, and trying to find what they call "its soul." Might not such a France be inclined to say, in respect of a powerful military clique wearing the liberators' laurels: "Oh, let them have a shot! They can't be much worse than the last lot, and they might even save us from more horror!"

Yet this might be a tragic *dénouement*. For the French as a people have no longer appetite for a monarch. It isn't so much a case of several times bitten as of temperament and critical outlook. A leading British monthly of the Right has just printed a warning by an escaped Frenchman of some authority. This says, in as many words: "France is going to go more to the Left. If this popular surge be thwarted, that will be the Communists' real chance." This is another way of saying that France would be bathed in Revolution.

Therefore, General de Gaulle continues to appeal to many, both in and out of France, as the soundest investment. He is trusted "from Marin to Thorez" (Conservatives to Communists) to give a square deal by upholding the Republic as long as the French do so. He is able, fearless, and progressive-minded. He could produce the necessary authoritative interregnum pending the considered and unprompted verdict of the French people.

# After the JAP ABANDONMENT of GUADALCANAR : And other War-Zone Photographs

**AFTER THE JAPS HAD WITHDRAWN FROM GUADALCANAR :** This prisoner was among those taken by the U.S. Army when they drove through to take the Jap stronghold at Kokumbuna, on Guadalcanar Island, just before the enemy announced their "abandonment" of that strategic spot. His terribly emaciated body bears evidence of the lack of supplies suffered by these last defenders on the island

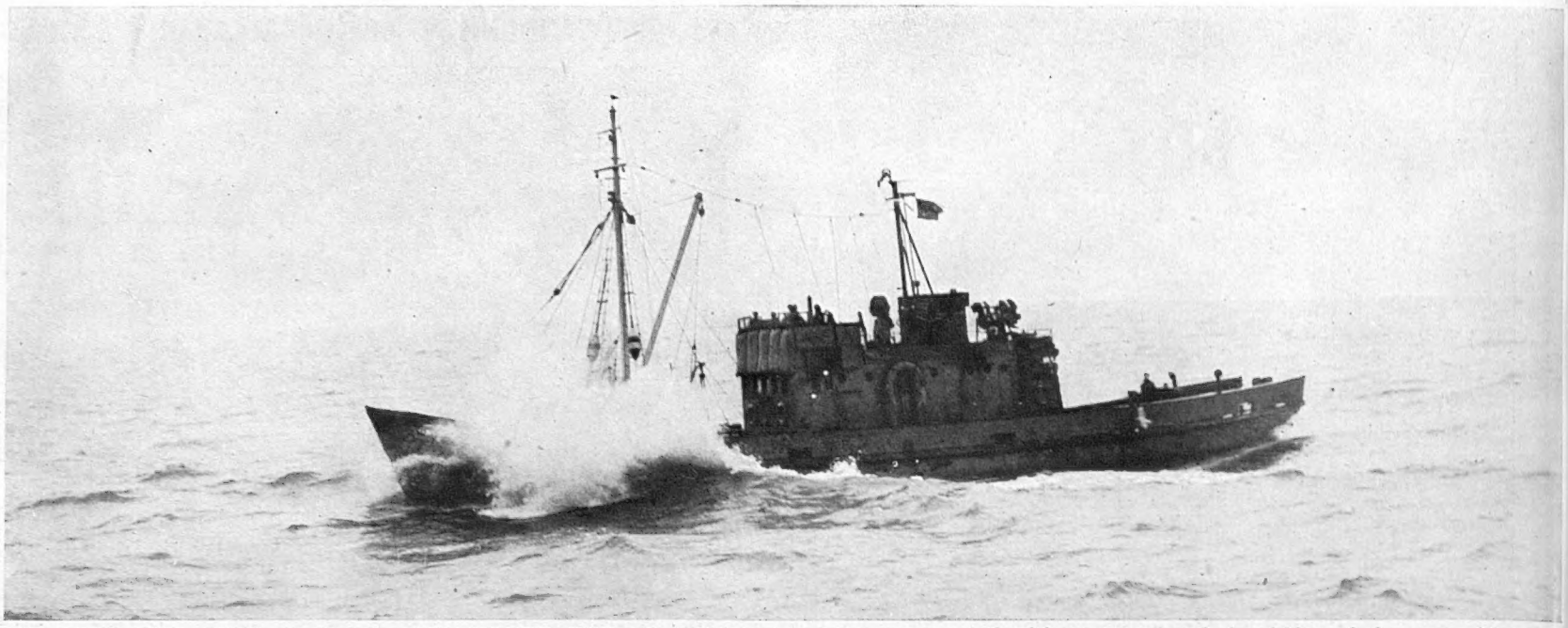
**WAS THIS MAN EXECUTED BY THE JAPS? The first picture of a U.S. captive airman in Japanese hands to reach London :** After the U.S. raid on Tokio on April 18, 1942, the Japanese declared that any captured airmen who took part in that raid (in which non-military objectives were declared to be hit) would be punished by death. Some time later, this American pilot was shot down in aerial combat. He was then accused of having taken part in the Tokio raid. The picture shows him being marched away, blindfolded, by two Jap guards. According to the Swiss caption, the subsequent fate of this American is unknown: no information is available so far as to whether the Japs have carried out their threats

**MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK addressing the House of Representatives in Washington :** The wife of China's fighting Generalissimo is here standing before a battery of microphones on the rostrum of the House of Representatives as she addressed that body. She is the first private citizen of any country (including America) to address the House. Madame Chiang Kai-shek has been in the United States for some time, undergoing medical treatment. Beside her in this picture is Mr. Sam Rayburn, the Speaker of the House

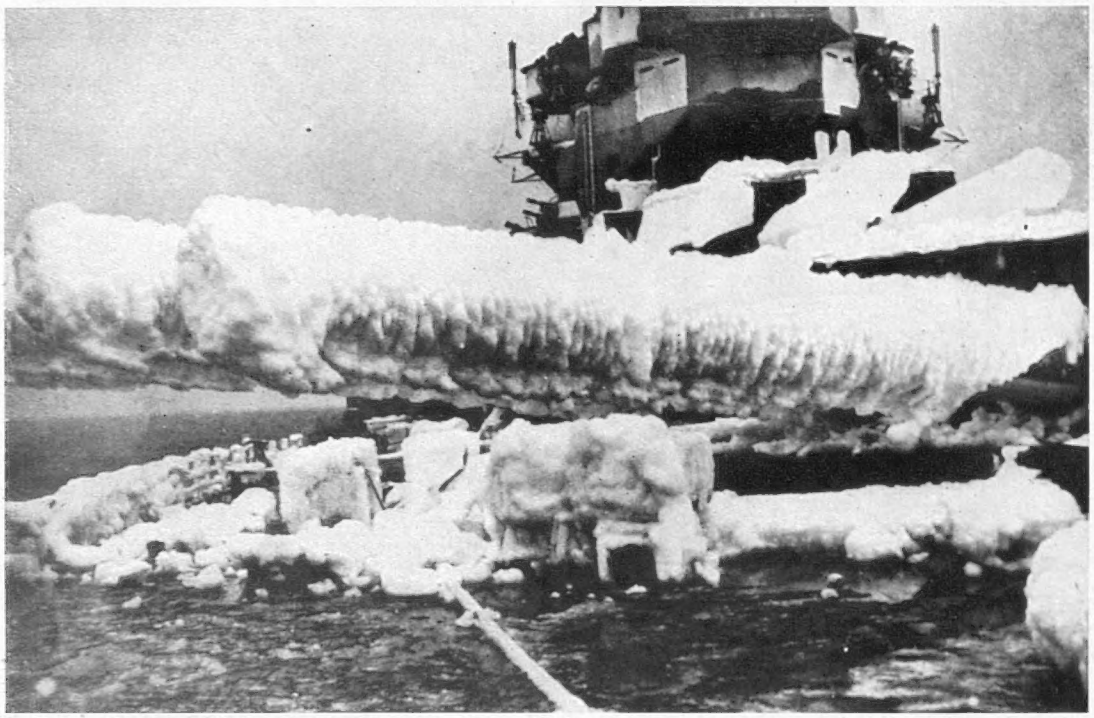
**NEW ZEALAND TROOPS LAND ON THE ISLAND OF NEW CALEDONIA in the South-West Pacific. The island is held by the Fighting French : it has now been reinforced by men of a New Zealand regiment, who have already become known as "Les Kiwis." In this area the newly-arrived troops are under the United States Army Command**

**A SPECIAL ITALIAN LABOUR CORPS to clear up after the R.A.F. raids :** A special Corps, the Servizio Lavoro, has just been established in Italy to carry out demolition and repair work after R.A.F. raids. So devastating have some of these raids been that it has been found necessary to make the workers mobile, and draft them from inland places to the larger cities which have formed R.A.F. targets. This picture shows one of the new labour corps being marched through the ruins in a street of the Italian Riviera after the bombing of Genoa

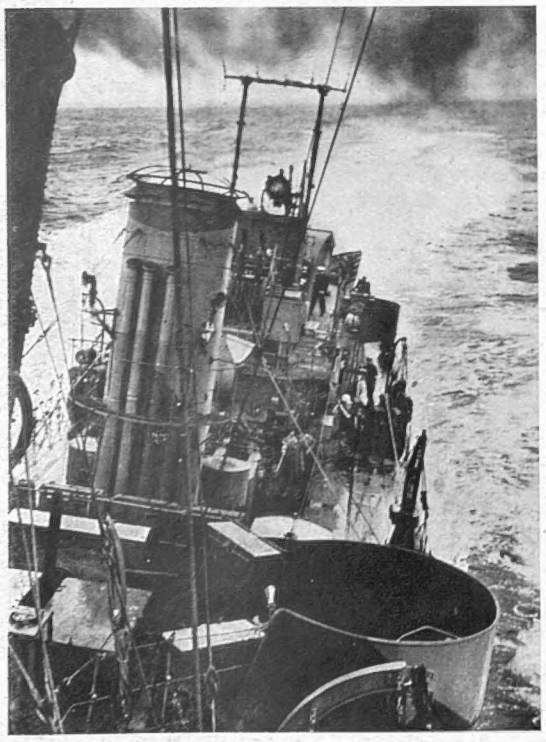
**DISPOSING OF THE DEBRIS AT GENOA : Repair work being hastily carried out by "shock brigades" of the Servizio Lavoro on the quayside after the bombing of the port**

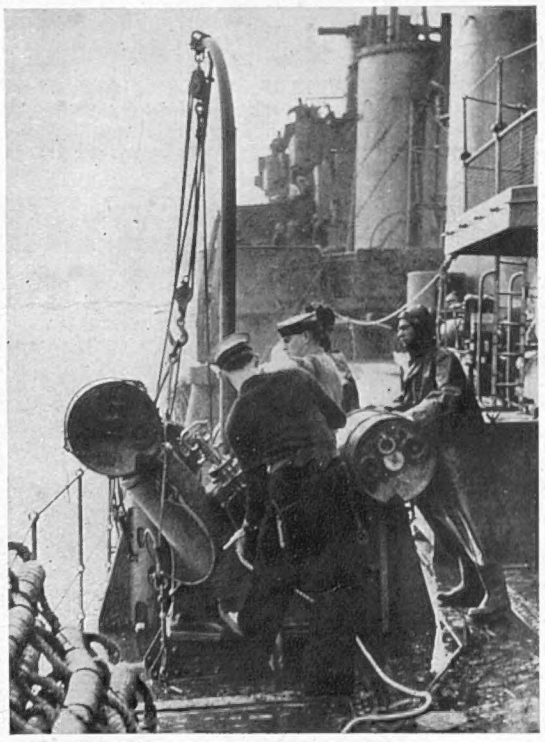


**THE LITTLE SHIPS WHICH CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE NAVY: A British motor mine-sweeper on the job at sea—one of the riskiest of the many risky tasks undertaken by the small vessels which, in wartime, are largely manned by the "Fishermen of England"**



**WHAT WINTER WEATHER CONDITIONS MEAN TO A BRITISH BATTLESHIP IN ARCTIC WATERS: The big guns and the deck fittings are alike coated with heavy ice. This picture was taken just before the "chipping party" got to work to clear the guns for action**





**THE NEW AUSTRALIAN DESTROYER "WARRAMUNGA" ON HER TRIALS (*on left*). Ratings checking the depth-charge equipment on the vessel's deck (*on right*).** Australian shipyards are working at top pressure to meet the urgent needs of the Empire. Under the guidance of men from the Clyde and the Tyne, pre-war farmers, drovers and labourers have rallied to augment the skilled shipbuilders. They have made a good job of it. Merchant ships of considerable tonnage, bulk cargo-ships of unique design and naval mine-sweeping and escort vessels now in service—all testify to their success. The *Warramunga*, seen above, is an Australian-built destroyer of the famous Tribal class, constructed by the Cockatoo Docks and Engineering Company. She is a vessel of 1,870 tons and 36½ knots—one of eight of her class building in the Commonwealth

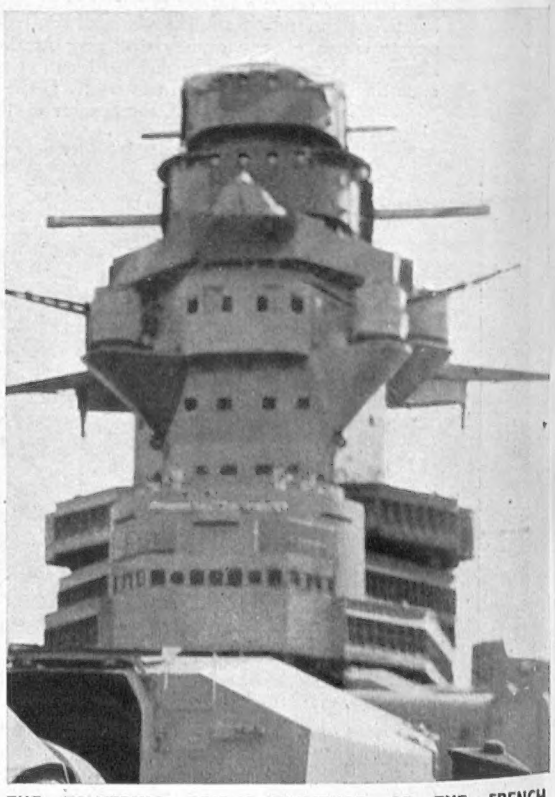
These little boats go right into the heart of the mine-fields, to clear the way for the ships of the Navy and Merchant Navy. In shallow waters, a sweep-wire is trailed below the surface by two mine-sweepers, an arrangement on the wire cutting the mooring-cables of the mines, so that they rise to the surface and can then be exploded harmlessly with rifle or machine-gun fire. In deeper seas, a single mine-sweeper trails wires equipped with a cutting device from her bows: at the end of the wires are paravanes, or Oropesa floats, which carry the wires at the correct angle for cutting the cables. The men on board these motor mine-sweepers carry out their dangerous and uncomfortable job with a cheerful courage typical of their class and calling. Many of the vessels in which they serve were used in peacetime as fishing trawlers; but these comparatively roomy ships have now been reinforced by motor vessels of the type illustrated above

# ALLIED NAVAL AFFAIRS

## The "Richelieu" in New York—And the Royal Navy at Its Winter Tasks

*—A Series of New Pictures*

***On left*—"** In spite of almost continual darkness, extreme cold, navigational hazards due to ice and low visibility and interference from the enemy, supplies continue to reach Russia by the Northern Route." This is an extract from a British Admiralty communiqué published on January 8, which indicates some of the appalling conditions under which our ships have to operate in far northern waters during the winter months. In conditions like those portrayed in this picture, sometimes in utter darkness, sometimes in almost constant daylight, warship crews must keep a never-ceasing watch for enemy U-boats and aircraft and surface vessels. Yet, during the period October 1941 to December 1942, supplies sent to Russia have exceeded the number agreed upon!



**THE TOWERING BRIDGE-STRUCTURE OF THE FRENCH BATTLESHIP, as the "Queen of the French Fleet" made her way to the Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs**

# The FRENCH BATTLESHIP "RICHELIEU" ARRIVES in NEW YORK

*A Picture Taken from the Manhattan Bridge as She was Pushed by Tugs Beneath the Brooklyn Bridge*

On Monday, February 15, the news was made public that the 35,000-ton French battleship *Richelieu*, one of the world's most powerful surface-fighting ships, had arrived in New York, after a secret crossing from Dakar, for repair and outfitting. The two pictures reproduced here (*above and on left*) were taken as the battleship made her way past the towering sky-line of New York towards her berth in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where the work will be carried out. During her crossing of the Atlantic, the *Richelieu* dodged a pack of enemy submarines and rode out a gale in which she demonstrated her seaworthiness. Other units of the French Navy accompanied her—notably the cruiser *Montcalm* and the destroyers *Terrible* and *Fantasque*. The *Richelieu* had been at Dakar since June 1940, having sailed there uncompleted from Brest the day before the German Army entered the city. She was damaged in two attacks soon afterwards, one by British forces and the other by British and Fighting French forces. She and her sister-ship, the *Jean Bart* (considerably damaged by the Americans at Casablanca in November last), belong to the class of 35,000-ton battleships, with eight 15-in. guns as their main armament, which was planned several years before the war. Carrying a complement of 1,670 officers and men, the *Richelieu* has a length of 794 ft. and a beam of 108 ft. The total weight of her armour is 15,000 tons, and her machinery weighs another 3,000 tons. In a few months' time, she and the other French warships which accompanied her will join the United Nations in their fight against the Axis.

# ROAD and WEATHER CONDITIONS in TUNISIA—*Special Sphere Drawings*

**THE APPALLING WEATHER CONDITIONS OF THE PAST FEW WEEKS : During a heavy rainstorm, Warhawks of the Lafayette Squadron attack enemy bombers which are trying to take advantage of the hold-up of an Allied column at a swollen ford in Tunisia**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

British soldiers are about to haul a truck out of the appalling slough of mud ; German raiders have come over to attack the bogged-down column and an aerodrome near by. In the midst of a heavy rainstorm, however, American-built Warhawks have taken off to drive back the enemy : the planes are piloted by members of the newly-formed Lafayette Squadron. The Warhawk is a variant of the well-known Curtiss P.40, and is thus closely related to the famous Kittyhawk

**THE KIND OF ROAD OUR MOTOR-CYCLISTS HAVE TO USE : This paved causeway dates back hundreds of years !** A despatch-rider's life in North Africa (apart from the usual risks of being shot up by enemy aircraft or infantry patrols) is full of hazards. The roads, on the whole, are bad ; metalled surfaces are narrow, and bordered by rough ground verging on the mountain-sides. Many of the roads are pitted with holes made by shells or the passage of heavy armoured vehicles ; and on the mountain roads, hair-raising "S" bends and hairpins are common. River crossings and mountain passes in the Atlas Range are all in the day's work for the riders in the forward areas

**IMPROVING THE SUPPLY ROUTES : An angle-dozer clearing a river-bed, preparatory to releasing the dammed-up water flow**

**FINE GRAVEL BEING ROLLED INTO THE ROAD SURFACE by steam-roller so that the route can be traversed by heavy supply lorries.** The roads in the forward areas are mainly bad, making the question of transport a difficult one. Many key-points—particularly bridges—are only capable of taking one-way traffic ; alternative routes are therefore being constructed wherever possible. Added complications are caused when, as in the case illustrated here, the job cannot be finished by the unit which started it. The by-pass seen above was begun on December 29, 1942, by a Field Company of Royal Engineers : it was then taken over by a Parachute Squadron of the R.E.s on January 4, 1943, by whom it was continued until January 7, when they had to move to another site. The work was then finished by another Field Company

THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORTATION IN TUNISIA: A party of sappers are repairing a broken road bridge, while a British gun crew have depressed their anti-aircraft weapon to shell a German battery attempting to interfere with the work of repair —*Drawing by E. Byatt*

One of the greatest of all problems in North Africa is that of supply, owing to the long, tedious haul on single track railways from the coast up to the forward areas. After the collapse of France, locomotives in North Africa slowly rusted into inactivity, rolling-stock rotted on the sidings and the permanent ways became almost unsafe in certain areas. Certainly the whole railway system could not carry the immense volume and weight of traffic required by a modern army in the field.

American and British engineers have worked miracles in reorganising the railway systems in the battle-zones and back areas. Under French overseers, gangs of Arab labourers have been working during every hour of daylight on routine maintenance jobs; Allied locomotive engineers are overhauling the North African network to enable it to carry the maximum tonnage of Allied supplies.

Meanwhile, the problem of maintaining the lines of communication has been partly solved by using thousands of motor lorries on the main roads and shuttling them across North Africa by day and by night: but the roads, too, impose a definite limit. Truck drivers, with heavy loads of shells and bombs, often find themselves skidding down the steep bankings covered with a film of mud from the mountain-sides; the bridges are none too strong for their new tasks; and the weather throughout Tunisia generally has been a prime cause of wash-outs and subsidences.

RAILWAY TRANSPORT IN NORTH AFRICA STILL REMAINS A HEADACHE FOR THE ALLIED SUPPLY SERVICES: The single-track system throughout French Africa is equipped with old-fashioned rolling-stock; neither track nor vehicles will stand up to the present heavy military requirements and breakdowns are frequent. American and British engineers are working day and night to keep the trains moving: and in the meantime the main roads are being called upon to bear a greater volume of traffic than they were built for!—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

**THE GREAT CENTRAL SQUARE IN THE INDUSTRIAL CITY OF KHARKOV AFTER ITS LIBERATION BY THE RED ARMY. The fantastic circular semi-right round the Square. The fabric of these still stands and should be capable of fairly quick renovation**

Ten years ago Kharkov was described as a city of 440,000 inhabitants: just before Russia's entry into the war its population was approaching the figure of 700,000. This fact may be taken as an indication of the city's importance in present-day industrial Russia. It is in the heart of the chief coal, iron and steel belt of the Ukraine, and was the third industrial city of the Soviet. For nearly sixteen months Kharkov has remained in Nazi hands, during which time it served as the main supply centre for the German armies in Southern Russia. It was liberated by the Red Army on February 16, when it was then discovered that the city was not as badly wrecked by the retreating enemy as had been expected—probably owing to the speed with which the Russians had advanced and the short period—only three days—required by the Red Army to effect its capture. After the Russians had marched in, thousands of citizens who had remained in hiding during the bombardment and subsequent street-fighting emerged from their shelters and dug-outs to give a rousing welcome to their liberators, and everywhere red flags hung out in the streets. From an architectural point of view, the new Central Square is Kharkov's principal feature: all around this is a series of semi-skyscrapers, where the principal offices and industries are concentrated. Each building is connected with the next by covered bridges. Although the interiors of the majority of these modern erections have been burned out, it should not be long before the Soviet get them back into working condition again. As soon as the Russians had regained possession of the city, anti-aircraft batteries were installed in the Square, as shown in the above picture sent by radio from Moscow. (*For further drawings and pictures of Kharkov, see also pages 304-305 of this issue*)

**THE NEW TIGER TANK OF THE GERMANS IN TUNISIA: THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE MARK VI, which appeared during the enemy attacks against the American positions around Gafsa. The Tiger is the biggest and widest yet: the gun it mounts is an 88-mm., and the tank itself is very heavily armoured in front**

This tank made its debut in the German attacks in Central Tunisia, where it proved to be a formidable fighting vehicle. Its size is governed by the weight of the 88-mm. it mounts: this is 1½ tons, and therefore the tank had to be made bigger than usual all round. The ammunition chamber had to be greatly enlarged, too, as each complete round is 3 ft. long and weighs about 33 lb. In addition to the 88-mm. weapon, the Tiger also carries two heavy machine-guns of 7·92-mm. calibre—one in the turret and the other in the front of the hull. The complete tank weighs between 55 and 60 tons: its dimensions are—length, 20 ft. 6 ins., exclusive of the gun-barrel (which is another 6 ft. long); breadth, 12 ft. 6 ins.; and height, 9 ft. 6 ins. The armour in front is 4 ins. thick, and on the sides 3½ ins. To provide additional protection in front, the Germans have followed their old practice of fixing spare tracks, as shown in the above picture. It has been stated that the Tiger is vulnerable to broadside attack; it is, however, a specialised defensive vehicle for open desert warfare, in which full advantage could be taken of the great range and shell power of its principal gun. The plains between the hills of Southern Tunisia are suitable for these tactics: elsewhere the Tiger might not be able to exploit its chief feature!

# In the HEART of KHARKOV —*With Three Other Pictures from Tunisia, Italy and Britain*

skyscrapers, built in a series of blocks and linked by covered bridges by the Russians

**THE SWIMMING CAR: A Bren-gun carrier crosses a river—a picture taken during a demonstration in England by the Royal Engineers.** This is, indeed, an ingenious idea for crossing a river when a bridge is not handy! The Engineers have attached to the side of the vehicle a number of substantial rafts, inflated to bear the considerable weight of the carrier. Then, using the tracks as paddles, the car ferries itself and crew across!

**THE TOWN OF MESSINA, ON THE ISLAND OF SICILY, UNDERGOING ATTACK IN DAYLIGHT by aircraft of the U.S. Army Air Forces. The bombs are bursting in the area of the Train Ferry terminus—an important link in the communications between Sicily and the Italian mainland**

Messina lies to the eastward of Sicily: it is separated from the toe of Italy by the Straits of Messina, which at this point are only about two miles wide. Messina is second only to Palermo in importance, with a population of 150,000. Its harbour is almost circular, and from here a train ferry service to the mainland is operated. The importance of both town and harbour to the Italian war effort is obvious, the Straits undoubtedly affording shelter on occasion to units of the Italian Navy. For several years prior to the Peace of 1814, Messina was held by British troops. It was from this harbour, too, that the German battle-cruisers *Goeben* and *Breslau* escaped into the Dardanelles shortly after the outbreak of war in August 1914. The picture above was taken during the course of a U.S. daylight attack on the harbour: smoke from fires in buildings on the quayside can be seen drifting across the town

THE ICY WINTER CONDITIONS DURING PATROL WORK IN ARCTIC WATERS : IN THE REGION OF LATITUDE 65 DEG. N., SEVERE ICE CONDITIONS United States Coastguard cutter is seen amidst the floes off the Greenland coast in search of airmen forced down on the glacier-covered

*On left*—**ICELAND IN THE WINTER MONTHS : U.S. troops at Reykjavik unloading supply ships in weather typical of that far northern island**

*—Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The occupation by the Allies of the strategically-important country of Iceland has meant that a goodly number of British and American troops have been experiencing the rigours of a climate far from clement. In fact, during the long, dark days of winter, the conditions are appalling for soldiers used to more southerly climates. The Navy have always been aware of the unpleasantness of far northern latitudes, and they have evolved their own ways of coping with them : but for the troops in occupation on the land there have been piercing gales of hurricane force, heavy snows, ice and general discomfort to the *n*th degree. Yet the transports must be unloaded, and stores and equipment must be landed, no matter what the temperature might be. Big vessels, such as that depicted by Mr. McDowell on the left, have been used in the reinforcement of Iceland

# IN THE ICY WATERS OF THE ARCTIC

## The U.S. and British Navies at Work during the Cold, Dark Days of Winter

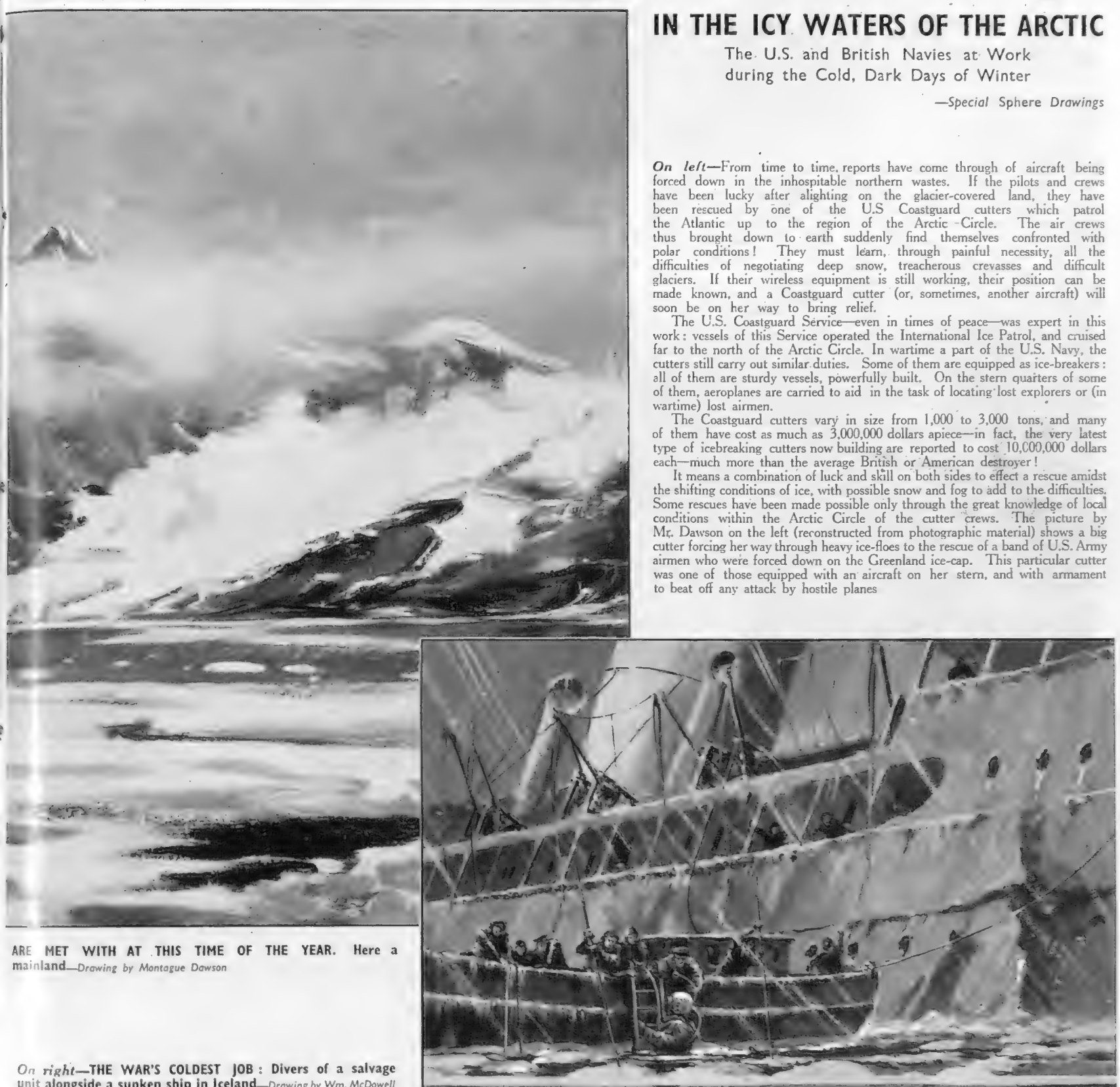
—*Special* Sphere *Drawings*

***On left***—From time to time, reports have come through of aircraft being forced down in the inhospitable northern wastes. If the pilots and crews have been lucky after alighting on the glacier-covered land, they have been rescued by one of the U.S Coastguard cutters which patrol the Atlantic up to the region of the Arctic Circle. The air crews thus brought down to earth suddenly find themselves confronted with polar conditions! They must learn, through painful necessity, all the difficulties of negotiating deep snow, treacherous crevasses and difficult glaciers. If their wireless equipment is still working, their position can be made known, and a Coastguard cutter (or, sometimes, another aircraft) will soon be on her way to bring relief.

The U.S. Coastguard Service—even in times of peace—was expert in this work: vessels of this Service operated the International Ice Patrol, and cruised far to the north of the Arctic Circle. In wartime a part of the U.S. Navy, the cutters still carry out similar duties. Some of them are equipped as ice-breakers: all of them are sturdy vessels, powerfully built. On the stern quarters of some of them, aeroplanes are carried to aid in the task of locating lost explorers or (in wartime) lost airmen.

The Coastguard cutters vary in size from 1,000 to 3,000 tons, and many of them have cost as much as 3,000,000 dollars apiece—in fact, the very latest type of icebreaking cutters now building are reported to cost 10,000,000 dollars each—much more than the average British or American destroyer!

It means a combination of luck and skill on both sides to effect a rescue amidst the shifting conditions of ice, with possible snow and fog to add to the difficulties. Some rescues have been made possible only through the great knowledge of local conditions within the Arctic Circle of the cutter crews. The picture by Mr. Dawson on the left (reconstructed from photographic material) shows a big cutter forcing her way through heavy ice-floes to the rescue of a band of U.S. Army airmen who were forced down on the Greenland ice-cap. This particular cutter was one of those equipped with an aircraft on her stern, and with armament to beat off any attack by hostile planes



**ARE MET WITH AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR. Here a mainland**—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

***On right***—**THE WAR'S COLDEST JOB: Divers of a salvage unit alongside a sunken ship in Iceland**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Divers attached to the Royal Navy's most northern salvage unit based on Reykjavik, in Iceland, have the coldest job of the war. They are now standing by for another winter of work under terrible weather difficulties. Last year, in a gale which registered a wind velocity of 132 miles per hour, a number of ships in Icelandic waters dragged anchors, collided or ran ashore. In the weeks of stormy weather which followed, the divers were kept busy. They examined the underwater damage, while their mates on the surface broke the ice with boat-hooks and poles and steered razor-sharp ice-floes away from their air-tubes. The divers work in relays of two hours per man, but only remain under water for a very short period. "We come up when the tools drop out of our numbed hands and our fingers won't function," said one diver. "The worst time is in the boats after a dive, when you have to stand about in your 'woollies' as the gear is stripped off. Sometimes there is the shelter of a cabin, but often the wreck is in an exposed position and we have to work from a small boat." Half-ships have been saved by the divers, repaired and sent to the United Kingdom to be "married" to portions of other wrecks. Iceland is one of the worst areas in the world in which to work: the island is composed of volcanic rock whose sharp edges rip a ship to pieces—" and the weather is wicked." The picture reproduced on the right shows how the work is carried out. One diver is descending from the salvage boat (which carries the air-pumps and diving gear), while men keep a clear space in the ice with their boat-hooks, in case a small floe should sever the air-line, or the surface freeze hard while the diver is below. The vessel has sunk in shallow water. Another diver is on the bottom surveying the damage to the hull. So little light is there, even in this shallow water, that he has, literally, to feel his way

**HOW THE RUSSIANS ENTERED INTO THE CITY OF KHARKOV AFTER FIFTEEN MONTHS OF GERMAN OCCUPATION.** Fighting raged all day in blazing streets, where German tanks and crack Waffen S.S. troops offered a last desperate resistance; but finally the Soviet armoured cars rolled in irresistible numbers against the German positions. The tall buildings of Kharkov—third industrial centre of Russia—were battered and bombed, but a surprising number of Russian citizens, who had remained hidden during the three days of assault and counter-assault, came out to welcome their compatriots and liberators—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

**A RADIO PICTURE RECEIVED DIRECT FROM MOSCOW** showing one of the main squares in Kharkov as the victorious Red Army men finally crushed the Nazi defenders. On every hand were damaged buildings and debris-littered streets, caused by the huge fires lit by the retreating Nazis; but numbers of the big semi-skyscrapers in the city's centre are still intact

Kharkov was the capital of Russia's chief coal, iron and steel belt: it ranked as the third Russian industrial centre. Sixteen months ago it took the Germans six weeks of bitter fighting to capture the city: it was recaptured by the Red Army on February 16 after only three days of assault. In 1941, a great number of refugees from the city were evacuated to Siberia: but they will soon be back again to begin production in the great factories for which the city was famous

*On right*—**HOW KHARKOV WAS ATTACKED FROM THE NORTH, after a feint attack had been made on the south-eastern approaches to the city**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

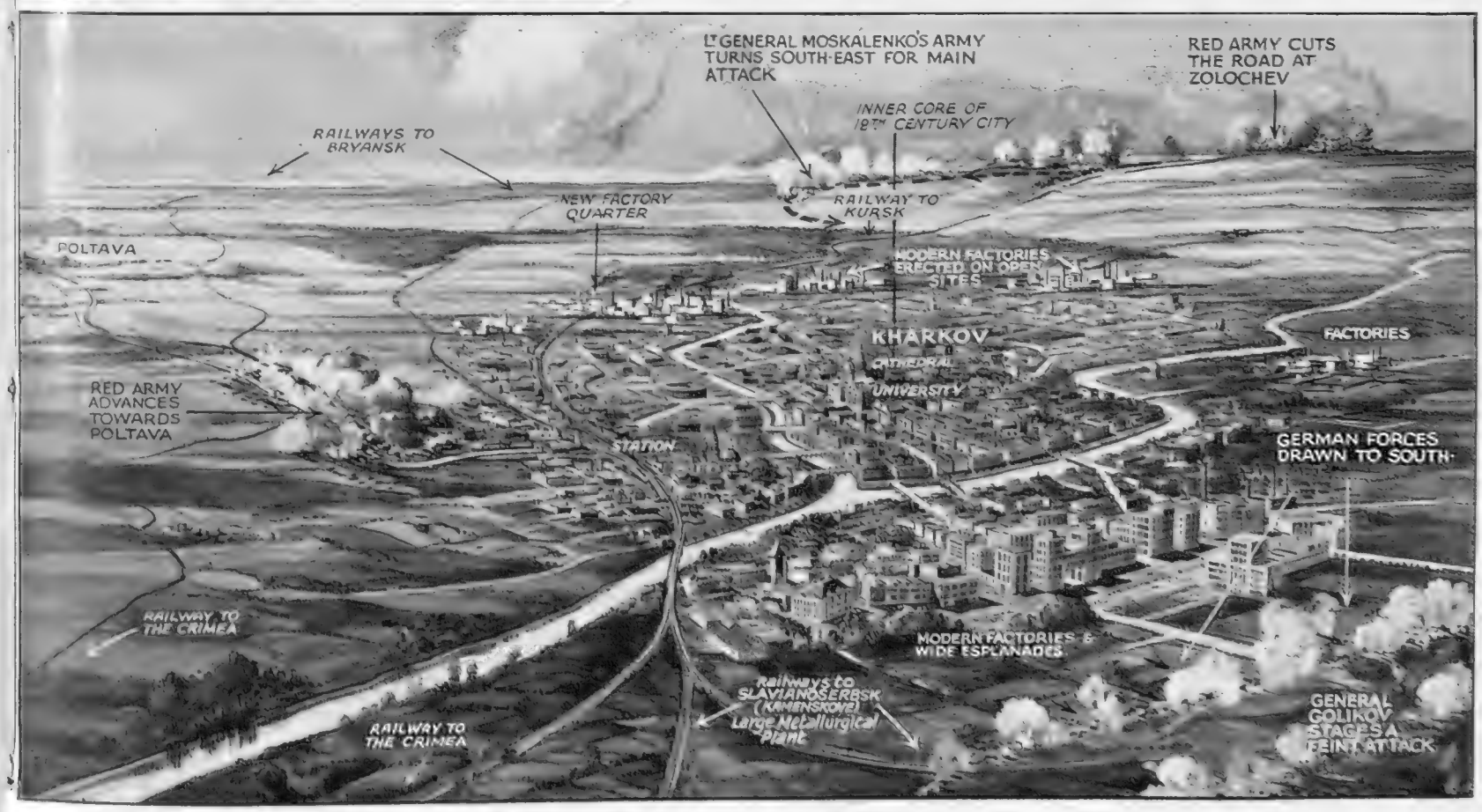
The suddenness of the city's fall was due to superb generalship on the part of the Russians. General Gorikov first drew towards the south-east of Kharkov the fresh German tank and infantry forces which had been sent up hastily to stop the rot. Then he struck a lightning blow from the north-west against divisions which had already suffered heavy punishment in weeks of retreat. The operation was accomplished by suddenly wheeling Lieut.-General Moskalenko's army south-eastwards after they had cut the railway and road at Zolochev. This change of direction was made by night in one of the fastest marches of the war, and it completely confounded the German Staff!

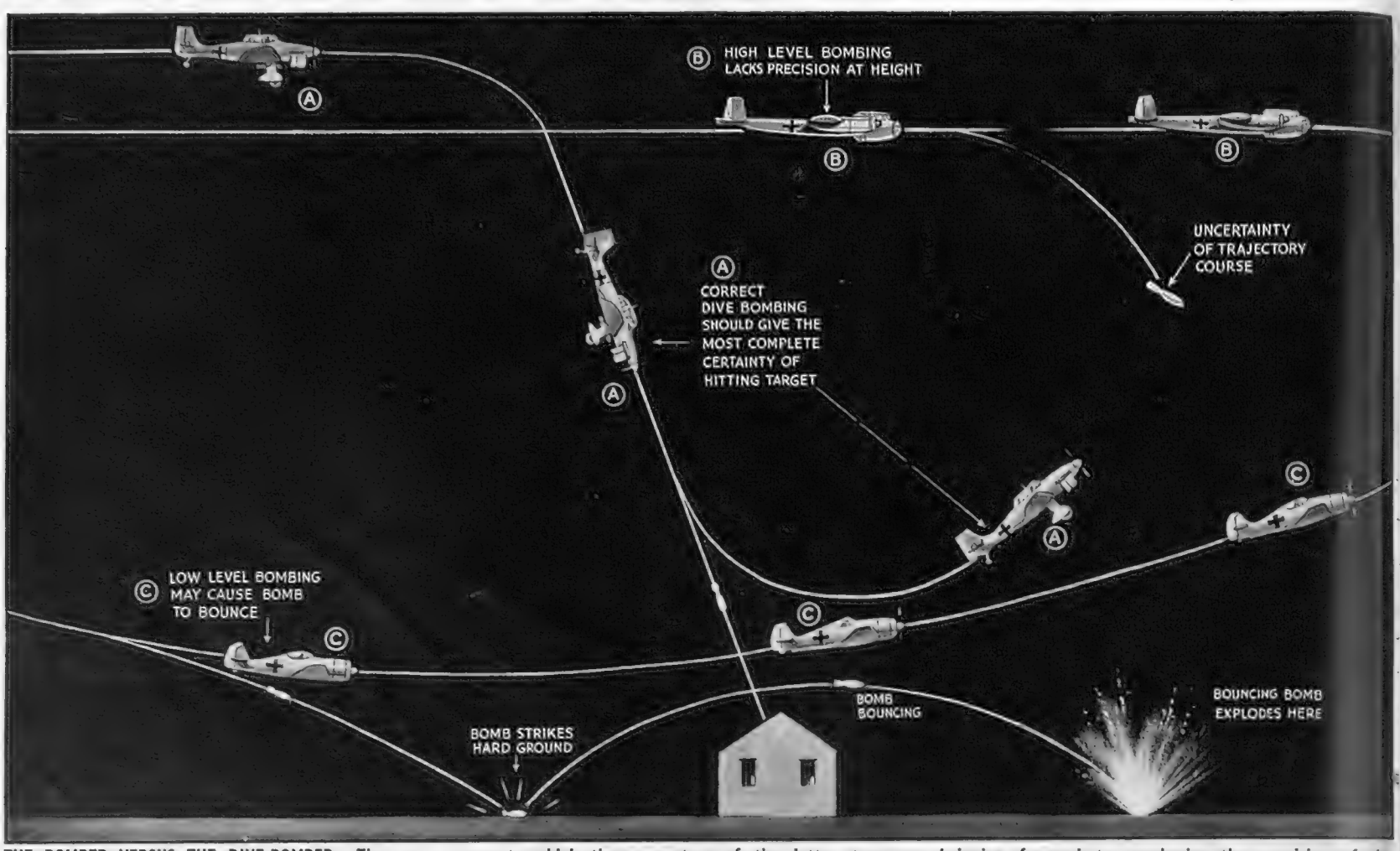
# The LIBERATION of KHARKOV by the RED ARMY

*The Recapture, on February 16, of the "Key to the Ukraine" and Hitler's Chief Base in South Russia*

**THE RED FLAG FLIES AGAIN:** Men of the Soviet Army and liberated citizens in front of the building of the Kharkov City Soviet. Thousands of red flags, hidden during the occupation by the Germans, were hung out once again as the liberators entered the city

**ONE OF THE KHARKOV STREETS DESTROYED BY THE RETREATING GERMANS.** Largely garrisoned by picked S.S. troops, Kharkov was fiercely defended in house-to-house battles, some of which lasted for twenty-four hours. But step by step the Germans were beaten back






**THE BOMBER VERSUS THE DIVE-BOMBER: The new arguments which the supporters of the latter type are bringing forward to emphasise the precision of the dive-bomber as against the less-certain methods of the ordinary high-level or low-level bomber**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The oid controversy as to the relative merits of the heavy bomber and the dive-bomber has again been revived during recent months, and especially during recent weeks. The diagram above summarises the situation in its broad outline. When bombing from a high level by daylight (this is the method largely pursued by the U.S. Air Force over Europe), it is contended that there is a lack of precision arising (*a*) from the great height; and (*b*) from the uncertainty of the trajectory of the bomb. When the same aircraft is bombing from "nought feet" (as in the case of our own low-flying Mosquitoes and others), it is known that the bomb sometimes "bounces" right over its objective. The dive-bomber, on the other hand, gives almost certainty in attack: when diving on to its target the whole aircraft is aimed at the latter; the bomb when released continues the line of flight. There is, of course, the possibility that the dive-bomber presents a perfect mark for anti-aircraft gunners on the ground, or for enemy fighter aircraft which may go up to the attack. Both sides in the argument have a number of other considerations, besides the above, to advance. It must be understood that these only apply to *daylight bombing*: by night, it would be difficult for the dive-bomber to locate its target

# THE AIR-FIGHTING IN NORTH AFRICA

***Special Sphere Drawings of Conditions in the Front Line—and Notes on the Bomber versus Dive-Bomber Controversy***

**A PEEP IN AT VESUVIUS, NEAR NAPLES: An Air Ministry photograph of the summit of the volcano taken by an R.A.F. reconnaissance aircraft.** Vesuvius is 3,891 ft. above sea-level: it lies about ten miles to the south-east of Naples, right on the route of our bombers on their way to the great Italian naval base. In the picture above smoke is seen pouring from the small centre crater (**A**), which is partly surrounded by the old crater rim of Mounte Somma (**B** and **C**). On its other side, the old crater was destroyed some 2,000 years ago by a violent explosion; and streams of lava (**D, E, F**) have since descended in that direction. The shadows in this picture indicate the conical shape of the volcanic mountain

**A SUNDERLAND FLIGHT ENGINEER in his bunk aboard.** Some of the Australian Squadrons of Coastal Command use Sunderland flying-boats: their main tasks are to patrol the Atlantic in search of enemy submarines, and to escort Allied convoys. The most important duty of the Flight Engineer is to ensure—with the help of the ground crew—that his engines are, in every way, competent throughout the long hours of flight. This entails keeping an almost ceaseless check on the instruments and reporting hourly to the pilot as to the amount of petrol available. The Flight Engineer has also been trained as an air gunner, and takes his turn at the guns. Above, one is seen in his bunk aboard the flying-boat. The Sunderland carries four bunks in all, and some of the crew prefer to live on board rather than ashore in camp. In any case, at least two of the crew must remain aboard all the time that the flying-boat is at anchor

**THE AIR CAMPAIGN IN TUNISIA: The blitzed Headquarters at an R.A.F. advanced aerodrome—a scene in the Operations Room, from which the Mediterranean Spitfire patrol covering the Tunisian battlefront is controlled**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

This scene has been described in the following terms by the war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who witnessed it a few days ago: Imagine the long, aluminium-fitted bar of a small peace-time airport in North Africa. *Luftwaffe* bombers have blown out the windows, the ceilings sag and the walls are pitted with bomb fragments. Debris lies everywhere: the top of the bar is spread with maps; on the floor are parachutes, Mae Wests and navigation instruments. . . . This tiny Royal Air Force Operations Room, from which issue orders for the Mediterranean Spitfire patrol covering the Tunisian battlefront, just hangs together by a few ceiling beams. A famous R.A.F. Group Captain, who fought in the Battle of Britain, sits on a box among the debris. His hair is long (no time for a hair-cut), he wears shirt and trousers, and has a revolver in its holster strapped under his armpit. A small room at the side, with the scrawled chalk sign on the door, "Army Liaison," contains a canvas chair with torn back, a Signals telephone set dusty with plaster, and loose signal-wires leading in through a hole in the wall which had been conveniently blown out by the *Luftwaffe*. . . . Such are active service conditions for the R.A.F. within the North African battle zone!

**CONDITIONS UP IN THE FRONT LINE: The scene on an advanced Spitfire airfield, used by a British squadron in Tunisia, and littered with the wrecks of smashed and burned German and Italian planes shot down during repeated Axis raids**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The airfield is dotted with Spitfires being serviced and rearmed while the pilots snatch a quick meal. The fields around are littered with smashed enemy aircraft shot down during raids. Some have fallen on the airfield itself and been dragged clear of the runways. Two huge landing-wheels of an Italian bomber have broken away and rolled almost up to the Operations Room door. In a corner of the airfield a leading aircraftman of Whitley Bay, Northumberland, sits in his shirtsleeves at a small desk dragged out of an abandoned school near by. With his big knees jammed under the desk, he looks out over the airfield and checks in the Spitfire pilots as they arrive. The *Luftwaffe* often come over at this spot, and with their bombs they often drop booby-traps

# The JAP DEFENSIVE RING in the SOLOMONS BROKEN UP

*How the Enemy was Forced to Give Up His Hold on Guadalcanar—the Whole Strategic Story*

"GUADALCANAR has been taken completely, and there is no longer any vestige of any Japanese organised forces on the island." This was the official report sent on February 10 by Major-General Alexander Patch, commanding the American troops on the island. On the previous day, the Tokyo radio had broadcast the news that Japan had withdrawn their troops from the much-fought-for island of Guadalcanar, and thus acknowledged their failure. Almost six months to the day had elapsed since the American Marines had been landed on August 6 last year—a daring and desperate enterprise at a time when the enemy was mopping up island after island.

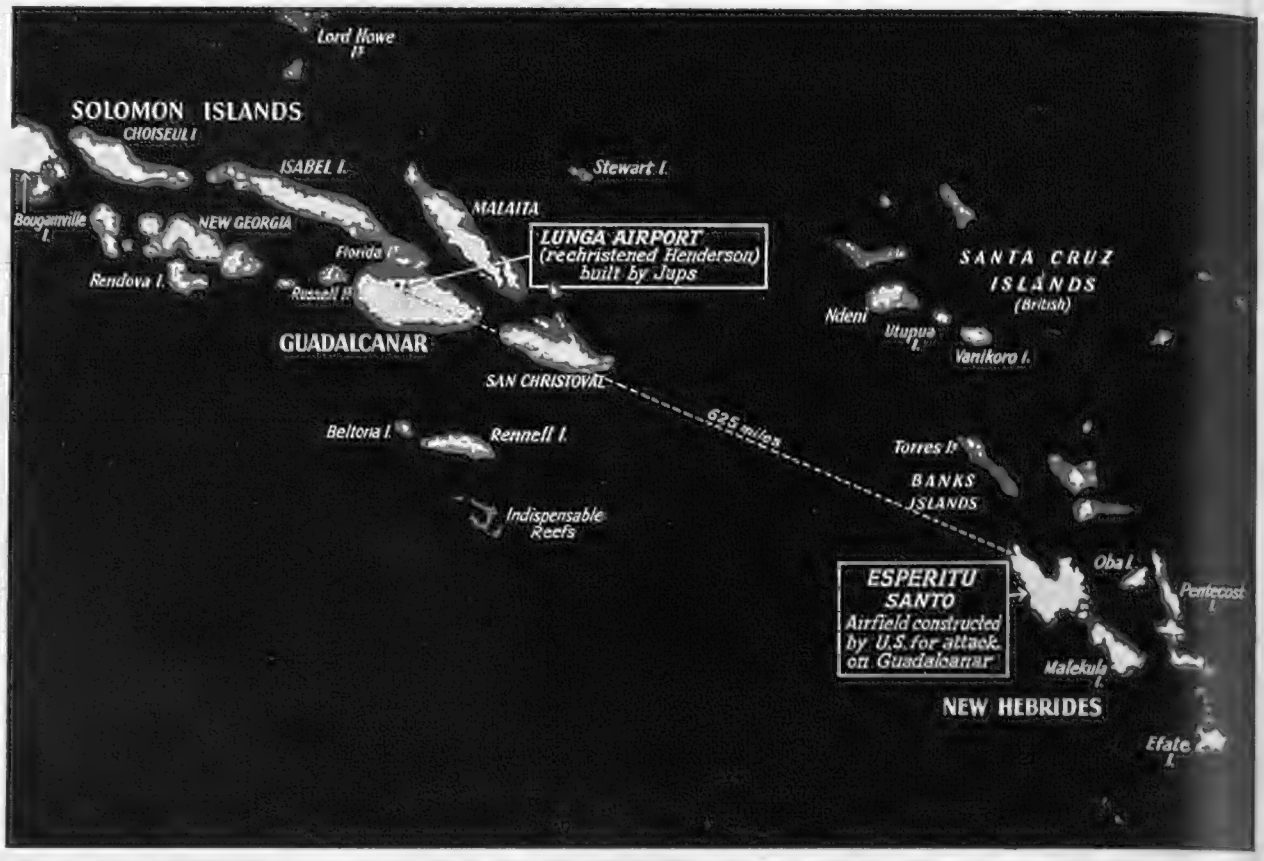
We now know that the plan for the seizure of Guadalcanar had been in preparation for several months before the actual operation. Those months had been occupied in constructing an airfield in the heart of the jungle on Esperitu Santo, in the New Hebrides, a strategical position for the supplying of air support for the expedition. All the while the Japanese were busily making the airfield, which has since become famous, on Guadalcanar, importing labourers from Japan. Great speed and energy were shown on Esperitu Santo, where 150 American Marines, with 300 natives, under two officers, were eager to outstrip the enemy in the race for construction. They had many difficulties to contend against—shortage of food, great heat, dysentery, malaria and mosquitoes—but they won through without any loss of life, and beat the Japanese by nine days.

The six months which the American Marines have passed on the island of Guadalcanar have been very strenuous, never free from attack from sea, air or land. At first only a small party, they were later reinforced with men, munitions, guns and planes, but were never in overwhelming force. They had to beat off two very severe attacks by the enemy in September, and again in October, when the Japanese used every effort to regain the island. The enemy on the island never ceased fighting, despite heavy losses, and many air and naval engagements took place in the channels and gulfs of the Solomon Islands. As the Americans only held a portion of the northern coast, including the all-important airfield, they were unable to prevent large reinforcements arriving for the enemy, who, hidden in the jungle-covered mountains, were extremely difficult to find.

From the end of November, however, so keen had become the observant eyes of the Allied aircraft, and so active the operations of the naval forces, that the enemy could no longer bring large vessels up to the island, and supplies could only be brought at night in small barges and boats.

In January, a change was made in the command of the American forces. Major-General Alexander Vandegrift, who had led the gallant Marines at the time of the landing, and had beaten off the fury of the Japanese attacks, was succeeded by Major-General Alexander Patch, who was given the task of clearing out the enemy, and of changing from the defensive to a vigorous offensive. Throughout the month of January, the Japanese were driven gradually back, their headquarters at Kokumbona (a coastal town at the northern end of a road crossing the island) captured and their vantage ground on Mount Austin (1,514 ft.), which commanded the Henderson Airfield, was seized, thus saving the ground from constant shelling. Great air attacks were made on the islands of New Georgia, the Munda airfield there and the concentration of shipping at Bougainville and the Shortland Islands, seeking to break up any attempt of Japanese invasion. Colonel Knox, the head of the American Navy, visited Guadalcanar about the middle of January, experienced some severe air raids, went up to the front lines, and generally saw the conditions under which the American forces were fighting. On his return, on January 31, he made the prediction that all resistance would be ended in thirty days. He gave somewhat too expansive a period, for in nine days the Japanese had been overwhelmed.

A running air and sea battle continued for about a week at the beginning of February; not a regular battle, but a series of engagements. There were losses on both sides, the most considerable loss to the Allies being the sinking of the American heavy cruiser *Chicago*, which was sunk by a Japanese torpedo-bomber on January 31. Guadalcanar was subjected to long and severe bombing attacks during the first week of February, the whole activity in the air and on the sea being the cover for the evacuation of a section of the Japanese forces. Destroyers approached the island, landing-barges took off all superior officers and technicians, some 2,000 in all it is thought, and, after leaving some supplies, hurried off, pursued by American planes, which sank several of the destroyers. About 6,000 Japanese were left to their fate, to fight to the end, there being no further hope of assistance. The Americans kept advancing towards the last stronghold of the enemy, in the north-west corner, around Cape Esperance. On February 6 they had reached Tassafaronga (close to the Unansari River), about 10 miles east of Cape Esperance, and on the following day, another force had gained a position at Titi, west of Maravovo, about five miles west of Cape




**HOW THE U.S. EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SOLOMONS WAS PREPARED: A new airfield built on the island of Esperitu Santo to provide a base for "cover bombing." This field was finished only nine days ahead of the Japs at Guadalcanar**

An important factor in the capture of Guadalcanar by the U.S. naval forces and marine landing parties has only just been made known. Some little time previous to the planned date of the assault upon a group of islands which was then being held by an unchecked and victorious Japan, U.S. forces landed on the island of Esperitu Santo, the largest of the New Hebrides group. This island (sometimes known as Merena) is mountainous and covered with luxuriant vegetation. It was at one time administered by a mixed body of French and British officers. Here the small body of American troops and specialised units began to clear an area and construct an airfield under arduous conditions. The island has not a good reputation as regards health. But the work had to be done by a given date. It was accomplished. The new airfield was in working order nine days before the Japanese completed their ambitious airfield scheme at Guadalcanar Island. The new airfield was in a position to aid the U.S. naval forces when the daring attack was made upon Tulagi and then on Guadalcanar, the main objective



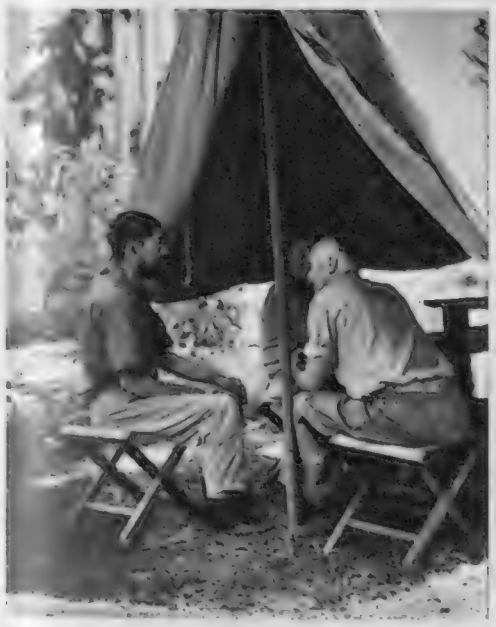
**A BATTLE POSITION ESTABLISHED BY THE U.S. MARINES ON A GUADALCANAR BEACH. Within this shallow defence post a mortar battery had been established. This weapon came fully into its own in the Solomons, as previously in the fighting in the Malay Peninsula**

A JAPANESE TANK CAPTURED IN THE NEW GUINEA FIGHTING. This might almost be described as a "one-man tank": it seems surprisingly small and compact for its purpose, and was obviously developed for jungle warfare

AN AUSTRALIAN OFFICER INSPECTS A LIGHT JAPANESE FIELD-GUN. The design of this piece of ordnance appears to be distinctly archaic. Note the solid steel tyres and spokes

A CAPTURED JAPANESE MACHINE-GUN installed in one of the strong-points which the enemy everywhere established in New Guinea, in the Buna sector

AN ADAPTATION OF A GERMAN IDEA BY THE JAPS. Brig.-General S. B. Akin, of the U.S. Army, examines a captured Jap motor-cycle and sidecar on the Buna front—similar to those used by the Axis in Libya



A JAPANESE FIGHTER PILOT CAPTURED: This Zero pilot was shot down during a dog-fight over Guadalcanar. Like many others of his kind, he showed a surprising willingness to talk and give information about his own forces

WHERE THE JAPS ARE STILL ACTIVE TO THE NORTH OF THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINENT. The enemy-held positions to the north-west of the famous Gona-Buna "triangle" Although cleared from the main islands of the Solomons group, the Japanese are still in possession of numerous bases in New Guinea, New Britain and the Aru Islands. As regards New Guinea, although the Buna-Gona campaign has fortunately ended with the entire clearance of Japanese troops in the area opposite Port Moresby, the enemy still hold positions extending northwards from Morobe to Wewak. The Allies hold the positions at Wao and Merauke. The latter seemed to be the objective of Japanese activity at Kaukenau, further to the west, in Dutch New Guinea. The enemy has concentrated his activities during recent months in the New Britain and New Ireland groups. Rabaul and other bases have been receiving much attention from Allied bombers. Kaukenau and the Aru Islands have also been targets for Allied heavy bombers

Esperance. This had been done by sending troops by boat round the island, under naval escort, thus outflanking the enemy, who was reduced to a narrow strip of beach. Surrounded in this way, shelled and bombed, the Japanese were forced to surrender or death. Of the 8,000-odd enemy troops on Guadalcanar at the beginning of this year, 2,000 were probably evacuated, and some 5,000 have been killed.

# The EIGHTH ARMY APPROACHES the MARETH LINE

**NEW ZEALAND NURSING SISTERS WHO GO FORWARD WITH THE ARMY: Sister Tarpey writes home, while Sister Watson pours precious water into a bowl for Sister Tyler to do the washing**

Eight New Zealand nursing sisters, of the 1st New Zealand Casualty Clearing Station, have been with the Eighth Army since the beginning of the present campaign. To-day they are still there, having accompanied the Army in its westward advance through Tripolitania and shared all the dangers and privations of the men. They have been bombed, and frequently in danger; but they carry on with their good work in spite of everything. Their home is a tent in the desert, near the front-line hospital in which they work

*Below*—**BRITISH NURSES OF THE EIGHTH ARMY in one of the tents of an advanced casualty station in Tripolitania**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

When Mr. Churchill visited Tripoli a few weeks ago a number of nursing sisters were among the first to welcome him. And to do this, they had participated in a 1,500-mile trek which took them from the Nile to the heart of Tripolitania. In their trim and serviceable battledresses, these women have been responsible for saving the lives of countless soldiers during the past three months. "In the most desolate spots they somehow manage to find a few flowers. And how the boys appreciate it," said the Colonel in charge of the advanced casualty station. "The best male orderly is not a patch on any woman. The atmosphere is different. Even the hospital tents do not look the same." The circumstances of their advance naturally involved these Sisters in the general hazards and discomforts of the campaign, not the least of which are the interminable, tedious bumpings along the most shell-pitted, tortured stretches of road in the world. Yet they have been ready immediately on arrival at their destination to jump out and set up hospital at a moment's notice. There was great competition among the nurses in Cairo to be chosen for this arduous duty in the desert

**BRITISH GUNNERS SHELLING ROMMEL'S REARGUARD ON THE WAY THROUGH THE SALT MARSHES BEYOND ZUARA TOWARDS MEDININE. Here the gun positions were located among the Tunisian olive groves, where the almond-trees are now in full blossom**—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

The approaches to the Mareth Line and the Gabes Gap are similar to the desert between Alamein and Tripoli. The greenness of the oasis in which the city of Tripoli stands is gone, and throughout the plains leading up to the Tunisian border and beyond the salt marshes gleam white with—only here and there—an oasis such as the above. Here, where British artillery were pounding at the enemy retreating towards the Mareth Line, was an oasis of tamarisk, olive and palm. Almond-trees in full flower were all about: Arabs, with camels loaded with vegetables for the Tripoli market, were passing even as the guns spoke. This particular battery had missed the pleasures of the Tripolitanian capital as they had cut across country in pursuit of Rommel. Their work was of a heavy nature: it involved "the drudgery of incessant moves, pitching camp, striking camp, digging-in and rooting-up, with meagre opportunities of shooting"

**THE EIGHTH ARMY OCCUPIES MEDININE, one of the strange troglodyte villages east of the Mareth Line, 40 miles beyond Gardane**

As the Eighth Army pressed on north-west to the Mareth Line, it occupied one of the most extraordinary regions of a land which holds many strange features. This Matmata mountain district contains a number of villages inhabited by troglodytes, or dwellers in caves. Their dwellings vary as regards their position above or below ground; all are very simple in construction and furnishing. These primitive inhabitants are mountain dwellers, but they seem to shun the sunlight of the upper world. Some of their cave-dwellings are actually below the ground; others are built up in tiers. Of the latter type Medinine, shown here, is a good example. The little dwellings—they can scarcely be called houses, because they merge into one another—are built in tiers, partly of mud, stones and cement, with occasional palm-wood beams. The barrel shape is most obvious in the upper tier, reached by wide steps resting on portions of the buildings below. The earlier doors are rounded at the tops; more recent buildings are sharpened in their lines by the use of cement. The entrance is the only means of lighting these strange dwellings, which are furnished only with a few very primitive articles. Some of the inhabitants now sleep in tents and use the rooms as storehouses

**LIBERATOR BOMBERS, OPERATED BY THE U.S. EIGHTH AIR FORCE IN ENGLAND, taxi-ing up the concrete runway to take off for the start of an operational patrol. These are the giant machines which have been helping in the bombing of Germany, Italy and the occupied countries**

**ONE OF THE GIANT FOUR-ENGINED LIBERATOR BOMBERS in the air, off on patrol by daylight. This is a long-range aircraft, which is now in large-scale production for both the U.S. and British Governments**

# BOMBING—and BOMBERS

## *New American Aircraft in Action Over Holland and North Africa*

The two pictures of Liberators reproduced here were taken recently at a Bomber Station in England operated by the United States Eighth Air Force. These aircraft have all-American crews, and they have recently been flying long distances to bomb Germany and Italy, and also to drop heavy loads on targets in the occupied countries, to hamper and destroy the enemy's war effort. There are two types of Liberators—the B24, or Liberator I; and the later adaptation known as the Liberator II. The first twenty-six models of the earlier type were flown across the Atlantic to this country. They have been used for transatlantic ferry, and coastal patrol, work. The later type has been equipped with power-driven turrets and possesses a powerful defensive armament: it is in large-scale production for use as a long-range heavy bomber. Both types have four Pratt and Whitney engines and are fitted with the tricycle undercarriage typical of other American-built aircraft: there is provision for a normal crew of from six to nine. Fully loaded, the aircraft weighs over 18 tons: its heavy load of petrol gives it a long range. Exact details of its performance or bomb-load have not yet been released. It is interesting to note that the Liberator is made by the same company as produces the Catalina flying-boat

**AN AXIS-HELD MEDITERRANEAN PORT UNDER ATTACK BY AMERICAN BOMBERS: Harbour warehouses, port installations and pierheads at Sousse, in Tunisia, receive direct hits in an Allied attempt to smash vital enemy life-lines in North Africa**

After the fall of so many other North African ports, the Nazis were compelled to use Sousse as a principal supply base for the armies of Arnim and Rommel in Tunisia. Consequently, this port has been receiving consistent attention from Allied bombers, as part of our policy to smash the supply routes of the Axis on the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Sousse, in peacetime, was a quiet, sleepy town and harbour: its strategic location with regard to Sicily and Tunis has converted it into a first-class objective for our bombing aircraft. To-day, frequent mention is made in communiques from North Africa of our onslaught on town and harbour, and pierheads and shipping. When this picture was taken the port was again under attack, with bombs dropping on to many important points. The confused mass of buildings in the centre of the view are, in all probability, mud dwellings in the native quarter of the town

**AN IMPORTANT DUTCH TARGET UNDER FIRE: A picture made during the attack on the steel works at Ijmuiden, on February 13, when Venturas of Bomber Command (escorted by fighters) carried out a daylight raid on the Royal Dutch Blast Furnaces. Bombs are seen above falling on the target area—hits were observed on the stockyard, unloading wharf, coke-oven plant, near the mechanical workshops and water-tower, and among the foundations for a blast furnace. *On the right*, one of the Venturas taking part in the attack is seen whilst actually over the target. The steel works may be seen in the bottom-left corner of this picture**

Ijmuiden, on the Dutch coast, is one of the many R.A.F. targets in Holland. It has long been a focal point in the Dutch canal system; but during recent years it has also been developed as an industrial centre. Here are located the works of the Royal Dutch Blast Furnaces and Steel Works, which have been harnessed to the Nazi war machine; and hence the importance of the town to Bomber Command. When attacking Ijmuiden by daylight (as on the occasion when these two pictures were taken), it has been possible to escort the bombers by fighter aircraft. The Venturas which took part in the attack on February 13 are amongst the newest aircraft acquired by the R.A.F. from America. These are manufactured by the Vega Aircraft Corporation, of Burbank, California; and are twin-engined bombers. An order to the value of approximately 30,000,000 dollars was placed for them in the summer of 1940 by the British Government

# THE FREEDOM OF THE AIR

*The Second of Two Articles Dealing with Civil Aviation After the War*

By CHARLES GRAVES

THERE can be little doubt that the Prime Minister and the Air Ministry have schemes for some ultimate and full-blooded revival of British civil aviation to come into effect reasonably soon after hostilities have ceased. There is, however, nothing in the record of successive pre-war Governments to suggest that this is the case. Perhaps it is wishful thinking.

Civil aviation has been the poor relation ever since the last war. That is no fault of the British taxpayer, who will nevertheless be compelled to pay the bill for rapid expansion after the war. All we know is that Sir Francis Shelmerdine, ex-Director General of Civil Aviation, is to consider certain questions which will assuredly confront any British air lines which come into existence after the war, not to mention British Overseas Airways. We know that Mr. Leslie Runciman is Director-General of the latter organisation, and that Mr. W. P. Hildred is Director-General of Civil Aviation at the Air Ministry. Mr. Hildred is well aware of the fact that we shall finish this war with numbers of heavy aircraft, pilots, engineers and ground organisers. He cannot know what views the Armistice Governments of the various Powers will develop, and he has already announced that it is impossible to plan an organisation of world air rights while the war is continuing. He has stated himself that the future administrative control, both national and international, the relation between military and civil transport, the planning of new air routes, the selection of operating companies, the control and maintenance of suitable airports and aeroplane bases, the development of ground organisation are only a few of the questions which call for examination and solution at the proper time.

There is no doubt that the aeroplane can be the instrument of more good or evil than any human invention. If it is used properly, it can bring new standards of life and new international understanding; if it is used improperly, it can cause misery and destruction. The wartime use of the air has intensified research and development to such an extent in radio (and radiolocation) that commercial aircraft after the war will be guaranteed a regularity and a safety of operation in bad weather which would have been impossible for years to come—except for the war. It is an ill wind . . .

The problem which faces every civilised country is this. Are we to have unrestricted competition in the air, with its attendant price-cutting and bankruptcies, skimping of equipment and ground organisation—with the survival of the fittest? Or will there be a commonsense plan, with international conferences working out fares and insurance? It has been said that civil aviation was created by the need for employing pilots and air-crews from the last war. That will be still more true after this one.

The United States Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce referred a few weeks ago to a "globe-circling air transport system," to the maintenance of which one-third of all multi-engined aircraft in the United States is now being devoted.

The United States Army Air Force Flight Ferry Command was formed in the summer of 1941, and large contracts were quickly placed for twin-engined and four-engined transport aircraft. Since then, the organisation has expanded so much that it has become the United States World-wide Carrier Service. According to General George, Commander General of the United States Air Transport Command, the United States envisaged a "breath-taking programme for transporting thousands of soldiers and tons of war supplies and equipment." Eventually, the task of keeping the far-flung United States armed forces within a few hours of their supply bases would involve thousands of cargo aircraft, scores of thousands of mechanics, pilots, radio operators and other technical personnel. The Americans, in fact, trying to appreciate the scope of such an operation, can foresee American cargo aircraft flying to Europe twenty-four times a day, and twenty or thirty times a week to Australia and India. It must not be thought that there is any prejudice in repeating what the Americans have said about themselves. On the contrary, we ought to be very grateful to the United States for visualising the present task of carrying passengers and freight in wartime conditions.

But what about Europe? Commercial flying after the war will be largely based on a series of ground stations; operating radiolocation and other direction-finding devices; collecting, collating and issuing to the aircraft in flight quantities of meteorological information, and a signal service enabling the stations to issue operational reports and instructions to their aircraft, as well as receiving them. The advocates of Esperanto, after all, may have a chance of seeing their ambitions partially realised. There is no doubt that an international code will have to be accepted. But there is another problem. If stations in Europe are to be international, they ought to serve the aircraft of all countries passing along the route. Some people suggest that there should be a single international air service. But nationalisation will never permit this. Countries with distant possessions will have no intention of relinquishing control of their own overseas air communications.

There are many people in Great Britain who think that the same chances should be given to modern British traders as were given to the British traders of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. As it is, British air services cannot operate, in practice, without a licence from the Air Ministry. Imperial Airways could not choose its routes. Nor can British Overseas Airways, its successor. There is no doubt that British shipping would never have obtained its dominant position if it had been under rigid Government control in the old days.

So far, I have not touched on the greatest problem of all. Nobody really knows what the costs will be, nor what fares and cargo rates will have to be charged. Nobody has the slightest idea of the number of people or the tonnage of goods which will be offered for transportation at what will become the prevailing rates. Presumably, all first-class mail, and a considerable proportion of first-class passenger traffic will go by air, the proportion of passenger traffic varying with different routes. Apart from that, there is no more certainty about the commercial future of commercial air transport than there is about commercial radio *vis-à-vis* the B.B.C. in Great Britain.

There is always the question of subsidies. In Great Britain, the air subsidy has taken the form of lump-sum payments by the Air Ministry. In the United States, air subsidy has been masked by the rates charged to the public for air mail.

Great Britain and the United States are naturally not the only two countries involved in this issue. Nobody knows (except in the Soviet) what ideas Russia may entertain with regard to air lines outside the U.S.S.R. Some of their flights have been remarkable, and it is not impossible that M. Stalin may visualise giant Russian transport aircraft circling the globe. Like the Germans, the Russians have concentrated in this war more on Army co-operation types of aircraft than on big bombers. But while we know that Germany has produced only one big new type since the Ju. 52, there is little information in this country on the latest types of big Russian aircraft. The Italians undoubtedly have big air transports. To what extent they will be allowed to operate them outside Italy will depend on the terms of the Armistice. It is possible that we ourselves have a few trump cards up our sleeve.

Just before the Anglo-American expedition to North Africa, I was asked on the telephone whether I had any unpublished material about Morocco. The query came ostensibly from one of our leading travel agencies, and was apparently prompted by the thought that, when the war is over, Marrakech and other holiday resorts in North Africa will be the first to benefit by a horde of tourists eager to feel the sun in the small of their back, without any danger of a Nazi knife ditto. There is little doubt that many people will wish to gratify their dormant love of travel as soon as conditions permit. This, however, will be only a minor proportion of world air transport.

Most of the more sweeping prophecies about the future of air transport come from the United States, but even there, more cautious voices are heard; in other words, there is a "feel your way" school, as well as a "the sky's the limit" school. But events will not stand still. If the various Governments cannot produce a solution, business interests will do so. In which event the Atlantic Charter will not mean a thing. It is true that bulky, inexpensive merchandise will never be carried by air. British coal, Australian wool, Rumanian and Persian oil, will always be taken to the consumer by rail and sea. But there are many lines of merchandise short of bullion, medical supplies, and diamonds, which will be carried by air. And the country which is quickest off the mark and makes the most far-reaching plans will return to prosperity years before the others.

Crystallising, therefore, my investigations into the vexed problem of the freedom of the air, I think it is impossible to have any single international air line as the idealists hope. There is bound to be much friction between the various countries. The United States has automatically a great start on every other country in post-war air-trade expansion; clever bargaining by Spain and Portugal will guarantee them a place in the sun; Russian aims remain an unknown factor; Great Britain, because of her need to make aircraft for the immediate practical purpose of defeating Germany, will start several laps behind the United States; but the experience gained by British and Imperial pilots in lengthy night bombing raids will give them a superlative advantage over American pilots, who prefer to concentrate on short day-raids. Finally, the supremacy of Great Britain in radiolocation and other devices which enable aircraft to reach their bases in safety, almost irrespective of weather conditions, and interference by the enemy, will enable us to do quite nicely in spite of our initial, inevitable handicaps.

**AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION ON THE AMERICAN PLAN: A scene in a new plant erected in the Middle West**

In this picture, twin-engined Curtiss AT9's for the U.S. Army Air Force are being constructed on the left; whilst on the right single-engined SNC1's for the U.S. Navy are rolling off the production lines side by side, day and night. The planes enter the Final Assembly Room in the background, and move along the floor tracks until they emerge in the foreground as completed warplanes. What, after the war, will happen to such plants as the above? Many of them have been erected since the early days of 1939, and much valuable plant has been installed. Will factories such as these be switched over to peacetime purposes—and, if so, to what purposes?

*The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export*

# ON THE HOME FRONT

**THE ELABORATE RITUAL AT THE WEDDING OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE IN LONDON :** Prince Emanuel Galitzine is the youngest son of Prince Vladimir; he is serving as a pilot in the R.A.F.V.R. When his marriage took place to Miss Gwendolen Rhodes (of Donaghadee, County Down) at St. Philip's Russian Orthodox Church, in Buckingham Palace Road, the old ritual was observed. This picture shows how the bride and groom faced the altar, with the traditional crowns held over their heads whilst the marriage service was completed

**A MOST UNUSUAL OVERALL :** Mrs. Holgate, a volunteer worker in a canteen, has a most unusual garment. It is covered back and front with regimental badges and devices. These even include a sergeant's stripes stitched on the bodice! Mrs. Holgate has never asked for any of these souvenirs. In three years she has fed a great many hungry men; the first badge or two were tokens of thanks; after that it became almost a point of pride to contribute to the collection!

**HOME-MADE POTS : Students at the Central School of Arts and Crafts in Southampton Row fixing handles and modelling utility ware.** Unable to buy household crockery, many women are now reported to be learning to make their own. Art schools say that there is a growing demand among the students to make utility ware, such as cups and saucers, plain butter-dishes, jam-jars and other objects which may prove useful in the home!

**A NURSERY TOWN WITHIN 15 MILES OF LONDON :** At the nursery town of Hampton, in Middlesex, the young lettuces grown under glass will soon be ready for the London market. There are also carnations—grown specially for London buyers—but only about 10 per cent. of the pre-war quantity. Some of the latter are being culled by the young lady above

**WILL THESE BE THE HOUSES OF THE FUTURE? Pre-fabricated dwellings for the post-war Britain. The front view (*on left*) and the back view (*on right*) of a model which is now being exhibited at the Royal Institute of British Architects, where specimens of post-war houses are now being shown. In these models it is demonstrated how bungalows and two-storey buildings can be built up of pre-fabricated units, which can be assembled in many different forms, out of specially standardised parts and sections**

# AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

## Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie By J. G.

**TOWARDS DEMOCRACY?**—When the British nation suddenly takes to an idea (and it is seldom a *new* idea) it sometimes becomes fanatical. It runs that idea to death. For decades we have called ourselves a Democracy, a stronghold of democratic ideals, and boosted and flattered ourselves before the world on this account. Yet until 1939 we had not the shadow of an excuse for the claim we made, or only a shadow of a shadow. True, we enjoyed to a large degree freedom of speech; true, we in some sort had a hand in the election of our Parliament, or part of it, and still more obliquely some voice in the policy and political colour of our Government. But to what extent the average citizen of 1943 would claim that the House of Commons of 1943 is composed of the free choices of the majority of the nation, I don't profess to know. Nor do I profess to know to what extent the majority of the nation controls the policy of its present Government.

**THE FIRST NURSE TO BE GAZETTED A BRIGADIER IN THE BRITISH ARMY:** She is Dame Katharine H. Jones, D.B.E., Royal Red Cross. Matron-in-Chief of the Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Service. This Service consists of trained State and Registered Nurses, who have been specially selected to serve in military hospitals in any part of the world: it was founded in 1902 (although an "Army Nursing Service" was first inaugurated in 1881, following Florence Nightingale's pioneer expedition to the Crimea with forty nurses in 1854). Members of the Q.A.I.M.N.S. (and of the Territorial Army Nursing Service, now merged into it) suffer all the hazards of war by land, sea or air. Wherever the British Army goes, its Sisters are familiar figures in their trim grey uniforms with scarlet facings. Since 1941 they have been accorded military rank as officers

But, no doubt at all, we are broadly united in a policy of determined resistance to Nazi domination and, broadly, we have faith in our leaders and willingly enough delegate to them for the duration many powers and privileges which in a true democracy should (if there were adequate machinery to make it possible) belong to the people.

But apart from freedom of speech and an ever diminishing freedom of action, within defined limits of law, and some advances (in normal times) towards a genuine government of the people by the people and for the people, we had up to 1939 small claim or right to boast ourselves a democracy. We gave lip service to democracy and clung to a vast number of the features of the "bad, old" days under a structure of society which we boasted we had banished root and branch.

A stranger to Britain reading the files of our Conservative Press of "the years between" would need no further proofs. And if he read only the "Left" Press, he would be in very little doubt that up to 1939 this democracy of ours showed a very remarkable *nostalgie* towards many of the "bad, old" features of the "bad, old" days of oligarchy and privilege.

He would have found Capitalism denounced in a leader and starred in the financial column; privilege trounced on the front page and flattered and photographed on the social-gossip page. He would have found the sports and pastimes of the privileged few and the rich given prominence every day to satisfy the cravings and interest of the "downtrodden" worker. He might have seen the ideals of Communism (or nearly) cried up in one column, and in another the glory of our nation evidenced by our insistence on our love of individual freedom and initiative, and on our right to "go to the devil our own way" and by our adherence to the principle that "the Englishman's home is his castle."

In short, "the Man from Mars" who walked our streets, or frequented Parliament or our homes or read our papers or listened to our broadcasts in the years between, could hardly have resisted the opinion that this was a puzzling form of Democracy and that we were either very muddled in mind or a very disingenuous, not to say hypocritical, nation of democrats.

True, if he examined our statute books during the years between he would (under whatever Government's sponsoring) find much advanced Socialist legislation and very little retrograde, but he might fairly conclude that legislation is often squeezed out of the rock by political minorities with the loudest voices and the most aggressive tools, and that the (even small) parliamentary opposition in the House itself as often directs legislation as the parliamentary majority in power, or the majority of the nation which put it in power.

But all this has greatly altered in the past four years. We have caught the big idea rather late in the day of our democracy and we are in a fair way to become fanatical.

**Orgy of Iconoclasm.**—We are beginning a perfect orgy of image-breaking. Iconoclasm is the thing. The bad old days were all bad and the millennium round the corner must have nothing in it to connect us with our old and outworn traditions. It must be a clean break, a clean sweep, an unstained new page. We are like that (on the surface, of course) always. Until Russia was attacked by Hitler, nothing was too bad to say about Russia. But on that day, and continuously and increasingly thenceforward, everything Russian was perfect in our eyes and everything British contrasted unfavourably with Soviet methods and ideals. As for the "heroic and martyred" little nation of Finland, it became in a night a race of Quislings.

We need not enlarge upon our peculiarity. Fortunately for us, the voice of Britain is not the soul of Britain. The strident voices always drown the quiet, conversational voices, and even the strident voices say much more than they mean. When we have a weak or timorous Government, the heady catcalls of the strident may ultimately influence legislation, but when it comes to revolutionary changes, the soul of Britain always wakes up and takes notice. The strident eat some of their words and the silent majority raises its voice at last. Words, words, words! In this country they are the puzzle and despair of our enemies and the strangest anomaly in a race remarkable for its common sense and powers of action and unity in times of danger.

Often we are almost destroyed by our shortness of memory and our belief in words and slogans, and just saved by some priceless national assets, common sense, a sense of humour and an ineradicable individualism (a rooted determination not to be regimented, catalogued, state-inspected and state-supported in matters of health and housing, a determination to "go to the devil our own way" and to keep our hovels our castles).

**The Saving Clause.**—So we cry out against privilege and capitalism and go berserk about the inequality of opportunity and the wrongs of the underdog, and low standards of life. But when the State inspector calls to test our drains and examine our teeth and clear the seed potatoes from our bathroom, we show him the door. We want nothing from him but a cash payment. Given that, we can and will "go to the devil our own way," and continue to support with our savings the Sport of Kings and Privilege, and continue to take a pulsing interest in the doings of the privileged idlers of the Lido and Paris-Plage.

These things being so (as I believe), I shall shed no tear over the coffins of Eton and the Public Schools. I shall not expect in the first years of the millennium to find an "unshaven artisan" representing this country in the Chancelleries of Europe, nor the Beveridge Report in untruncated and full operation in these Islands in my time. I fancy the new millennium will retain certain features of the "bad, old days"; the "Society journals" and the Lidos and the luxury cruises I shall expect to survive, and racing and even hunting also. But, from these beliefs and reflections, I deduce as confidently that, when the guns die awa the noise won't end. The war of words in Britain will be bitter and hectic enough after the Armisti to satisfy any combatant mind. God send we shall have learned *something*; God knows we shall not have learned everything. We shall still revel words and slogans, still puzzle our Continent neighbours, still reveal our shortness of memory, still have faith and zest in the old game of part politics, and still survive with the aid of our hidden qualities of common sense, tolerance, humour and fierce individualism, a democracy in name and an anachronism in fact. In short, we shall still deserve the charge of hypocrisy which less happy nations will bring against us.

## The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent has been pleased to accept the Committee's invitation to be a Patron of this Society in the place of the late H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Her Royal Highness shows great interest in the Society, of which her husband was President.

## The New London Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"*OLD CHELSEA.*"—So strongly do I dislike on the stage almost any form of pseudo-historical romance, the flavour of which is poison to me, that I would feel like dubbing this production at the Princes Theatre *Arsenic and Old Chelsea*, were it not for its music and the admirably picturesque stage-setting. Mr. Richard Tauber, who has composed most of it and plays the leading part, is far from being a musician of originality, but he is beyond question professional, knows all the tricks of the trade and bases his tunes on the right models. Also, he is still, of course, a first-rate tenor. If he could no more suggest a doctor of philosophy in eighteenth-century London than he suggested a Chinaman in *The Land of Smiles*, the story of *Old Chelsea* is so tedious and absurd that it does not matter much what Mr. Tauber does so long as he sings. A good singer, too, as well as a clever actress, is pretty little Miss Carole Lynne, who seemed to me to make the hit of the evening.

Miss Betty Percheron and Mr. Charles Hawtrey have done sound comic work in previous musical shows in which they have had workable comic material provided. Here they are less fortunate.

*A Month in the Country.*—Turgenev's famous play (though it is but little known in this country) is nearly a century old. Its production at the St. James's is, presumably, to be regarded as a tribute to Russia, even if the Russia it represents is the reverse of the terrifying efficiency of the U.S.S.R. Here are a lot of leisured people who talk in leisurely fashion in a country house near Moscow, and talk, I think, rather too much. Certainly in too *cliché*-fied a fashion (which is not the fault of the late M. Turgenev). However, it is a comedy of manners and of good manners, and the plot—mainly about a married woman and the young girl who is her ward and their mixed-up love-affairs—has plenty of charm. And the acting is first-rate, the cast including Miss Valerie Taylor, Mr. Michael Shepley, Mr. Michael Redgrave and young Miss Isolde Denham, who will go very far and is probably versatile enough to play Brunnhilde at Pinewood. Mr. Ronald Squire was Maugham rather than Turgenev. So much the better. A grand performance.

*The Merchant of Venice.*—Mr. Frederick Valk as Shylock is the outstanding feature of the return of the Old Vic Shakespeare company to the New Theatre. A strong, assertive Shylock, which lack of sympathy prevents being among the great ones. Miss Kay Bannerman should one day be a very good Portia, and Miss Angela Wyndham-Lewis is already a perfect Jessica.

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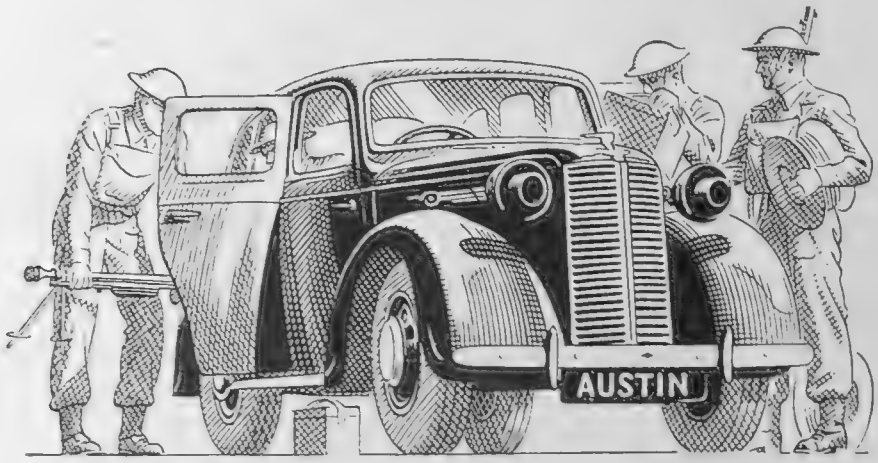


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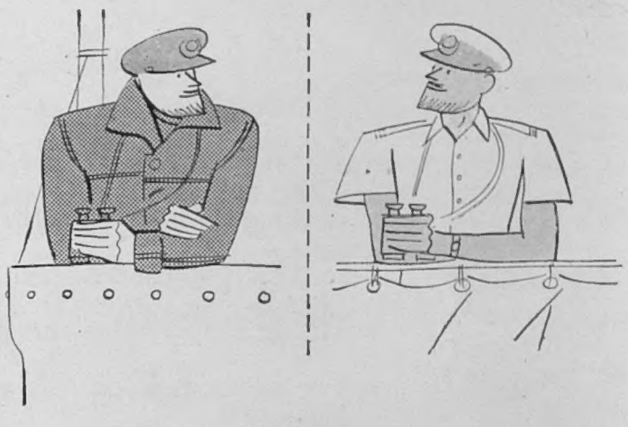

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